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Vol. CLXXVII No. 2315 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JUNE 3 1944

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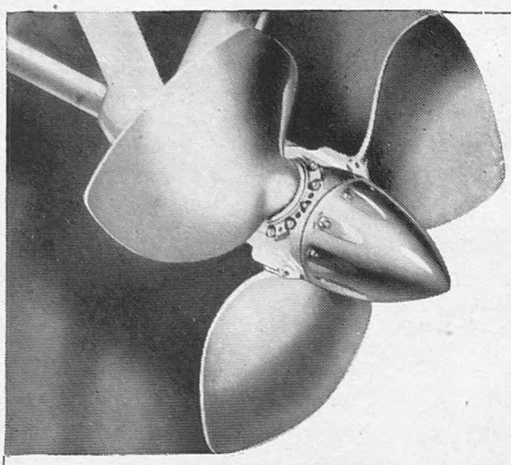

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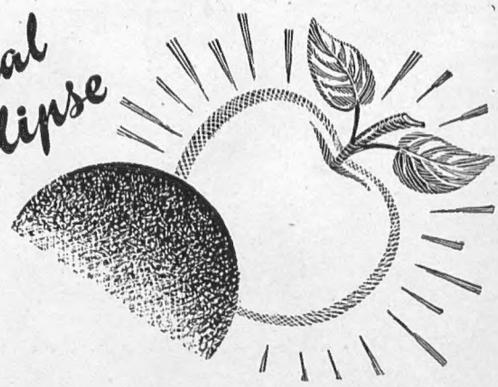

We used to pride ourselves that there was no part of Britain where you could not get Whiteway's Cyder. Now that is changed. Cyder, like many other things, is being zoned to save transport and labour. We can send our cyder only to certain areas, and many people who for years have held Whiteway's in high esteem, must now be denied it until zoning ends.

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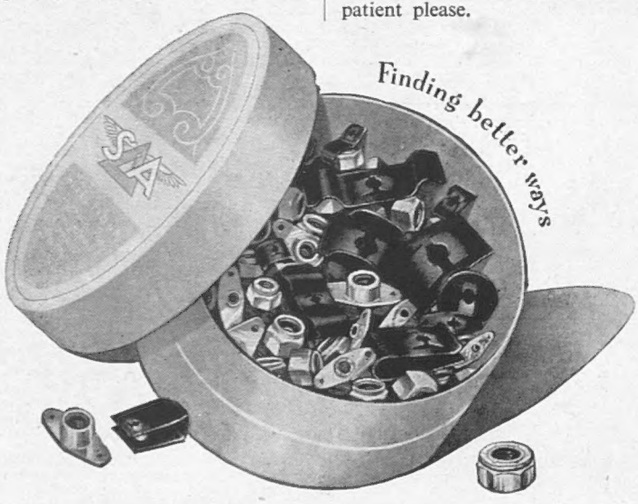
Do we sound ungrateful if we say that we're not terribly pleased with this letter? It's good to hear that our friend is pleased with Spire Nuts but what kind of Spire Nuts is he using? We don't know. There are some 300 various types already and new ones being designed every week. And who said Spire anyway? We do make other types of Stop Nuts, you know. In fact we're the biggest makers of Stop Nuts in the country. Should our friend be using one of these — a Simmonds or a Pinnacle perhaps? *We* don't know.

In short the Doctor hasn't ordered anything. The patient has bought himself a 'box of our pills' and that's not the best way to use Simmonds. We do know something about assembly and fixing problems and if you'll let us diagnose the case we'll certainly help to find the best answer. Next patient please.



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Volume CLXXVII No. 2315 The SPHERE, London, June 3, 1944

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE MONASTERY AT CASSINO: THE SHATTERED BENEDICTINE ABBEY WHICH OVERLOOKS THE TOWN, and which was once a German stronghold in the Gustav Line: a picture taken from the air after its capture and occupation by the Allies

On May 18 the announcement was made that both Cassino and its Monastery had been captured by the Allied Armies in Italy. Thus fell one of the most powerful strongholds yet encountered in the whole Italian campaign. On this page, and on pages 292-3 of this issue, we publish views of the Monastery and town as they appear to-day. When it was discovered that the great Benedictine Abbey on Monastery Ridge had been fortified by the Germans and was being used by them as a stronghold, it was decided to reduce the position. Accordingly an unprecedented assault by air and by land artillery was carried out on February 15: it was then hoped that Cassino would fall into Allied hands. But this was not to be, and for weeks afterwards bitter fighting took place amidst the ruins of the town. Little now remains of the Monastery, as this picture (and others in the present issue) show. The capture of the wrecked buildings was actually carried out by Polish troops

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PICTURES from the ITALIAN BATTLE-FIELDS

Where the Fifth and Eighth Armies have Pushed the Germans Back in the Battle for Rome

With heavy fighting taking place all along the line in Italy, striking pictures are now coming through to show the nature of the sanguinary battles in which the Fifth and Eighth Armies have been engaged. Some of them are reproduced on these and the succeeding pages. The Gustav Line no longer exists: it has been cracked wide open and thrust aside. The Hitler Line is going—if, indeed, it has not already gone before these pages appear in print. At the fighting front, the Allied troops—British, Indian, American, French, Poles—are moving forward as one, advancing ever nearer to the objective, Rome!

IN THE TOWN OF SAN ANGELO, THE VERY STRONGLY DEFENDED VILLAGE ON THE GARI RIVER TO THE SOUTH OF CASSINO. The crew of an anti-tank 6-pounder gun situated in the ruins of San Angelo School wait for a possible counter-attack by German fighting vehicles. This village was captured by Gurkhas and marked the first breach in the powerful Gustav Line: it was taken in fifteen minutes after sanguinary fighting. After the Gurkhas had crossed the river, supported by Sherman tanks, they stormed from house to house until the last Germans, crouching in the cellars, had surrendered

A TANK OF THE EIGHTH ARMY IN PIGNATURO AFTER THE CAPTURE OF THAT TOWN ON MAY 18. Pignaturo was captured by Indian troops. The towns stands on a steep, rocky crag which was honeycombed with caves used by the Germans as defences. Resistance was strong, and bitter street-fighting took place until the Nazi defenders suddenly cracked. The collapse (which, in fact, amounted to a rout) was brought about by an Indian Company, which scaled the almost unclimbable rock and surprised the Germans from a quarter which they obviously thought secure from attack. Pignaturo lies between the Gari and Liri Rivers, on the road to Pontecorvo: in this area British tanks were able to operate with great success in support of the infantry. The town has suffered severe damage from shells and bombs, its main street now consisting of ruined houses and tottering walls, as indicated in this picture

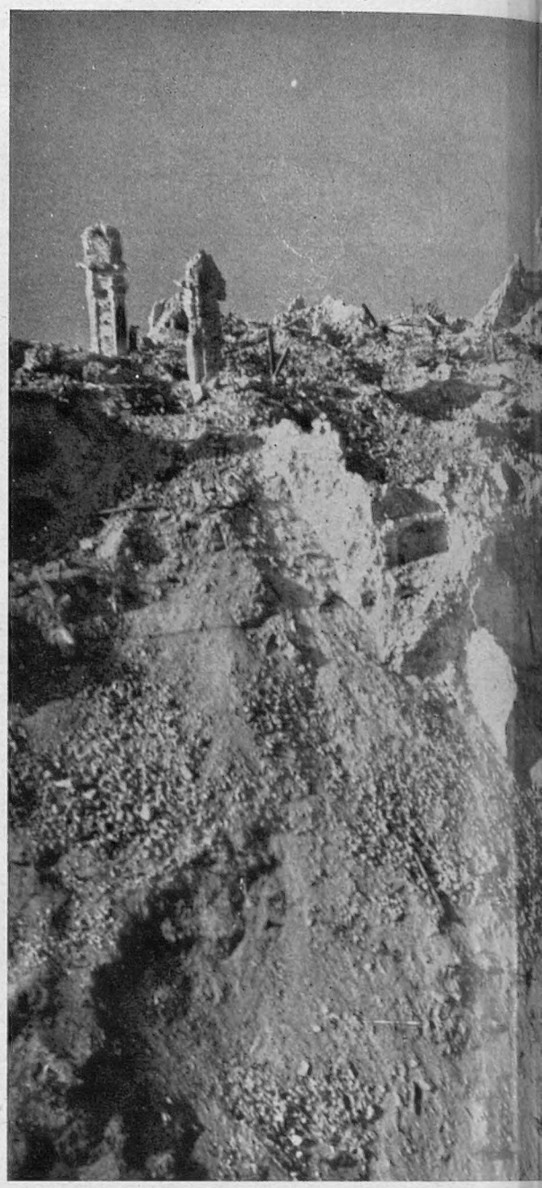
DURING THE GREAT ASSAULT ON THE GUSTAV LINE—A batch of German prisoners carrying their own wounded on stretchers to receive attention at an Allied medical post. In this picture are all the details of a modern battlefield in Italy. In the background, camouflaged near the trees, are the parked vehicles which follow up the advance of the fighting troops; in the centre is one of the hastily constructed footbridges across a small stream, with discarded bridging materials littering the ground, and with tapes to mark the proper approach; within a taped-off area lie the bodies of those men who fell in battle around the spot. Only two British soldiers, it will be observed, form the guard for this band of German prisoners

AMERICAN INFANTRYMEN HUNTING FOR SNIPERS AMIDST THE RUBBLE-STREWN STREETS OF SCAURI: This picture was taken as the U.S. troops moved into the town to mop up the few remaining snipers whilst the German rearguard were retreating towards the Switch Line at Fondi. Scauri lies between Minturno and Formia on the coast road skirting the Gulf of Gaeta: it leads to the latter port, and is in the American sector of the front at the western end of the Gustav Line. American troops thrusting along the Appian Way captured the town in two fierce attacks which cost them heavy casualties: at the same time they took possession of the dominating height of Castellonorato to the north-west. Later they pushed on to Itri and then to Terracina. At the moment of Scauri's capture this town was at the most westerly point of the whole advance after the fall of the Gustav Line

The CAPTURE of the CASSINO STRONGHOLD

Pictures of the Battered Town and Abbey After Their Occupation by British and Polish Troops who Took the Strongly-fortified Positions by Storm

THE UNION JACK AND THE POLISH FLAG FLY FROM THE BOMB-BATTERED AND SHELL-WRECKED ABBEY on the Ridge above Cassino. After weeks of the bitterest fighting, little now remains of the massive walls but heaps of rubble



A BRITISH SOLDIER BRINGS IN TWO GERMAN PRISONERS. On every hand are stumps which denote where once the houses and buildings of Cassino stood

BRITISH INFANTRYMEN PASSING ALLIED SHERMAN TANKS during mopping-up operations in the town. Only the wrecked walls of houses now remain in Cassino: the eminence in the background of this view is Castle Hill, which rises sheer within the town on its north side

AFTER THE CAPTURE OF CASSINO AND MONASTERY HILL. British soldiers move across the Cassino Plain a mile north of the Rapido River towards the next objective

WHAT REMAINS OF THE GREAT BENEDICTINE ABBEY ON THE SUMMIT OF MONASTERY HILL AT CASSINO: A picture taken from the air from a Piper Cub aircraft by an official photographer of the R.A.F. after the capture of the battered buildings by Polish troops

A special communiqué from Allied Headquarters in Italy on May 18 announced the capture of the town of Cassino and the Abbey on Monastery Hill by Allied troops. The final assault on the town was carried out by British troops, while Polish troops took the Monastery. Thus fell one of the greatest strongholds of the Germans in the so-called Gustav Line and one of the most formidable defence positions yet encountered in the Italian theatre of war. The pictures published on these pages, and on the frontispiece, will give readers an impression of the present state of Monastery and town. The Abbey is a mass of ruins: only the north-west wall remains completely intact, and underneath it a few parts of the original building, including one small chapel, are standing. Litter left behind by the German soldiers was strewn everywhere. In the town not a building remains upright, nor does the Castle on its hill actually within Cassino. In March last, town and Monastery were subjected to the heaviest air attack yet carried out anywhere during the present war, and much of the damage now witnessed in these pictures was caused during those few hours

On right—**THE SCENE IN CASSINO CRYPT during its occupation by British troops before the final fall of the town.** The crypt is situated below the Chapel of a convent. It had withstood ninety-nine direct hits up to the arrival of the British troops, who took over at the end of the first week in May: since then it received another fifteen direct hits: its occupants stated that nothing less than a 1,000-lb. bomb would have penetrated it. This gives some measure of the degree of protection which the Germans enjoyed in the ruins last March, when the Allied air forces bombed the town in the greatest strength ever put on a target of comparable size. Two Battalion Headquarters were housed in the crypt after the British took over: officers and men had to stay at their posts constantly; owing to enemy snipers they could only emerge for fresh air after dark. The Germans, in fact, never left the spot uncovered: one British sergeant whose head was visible above the entrance for less than a second was killed. The picture on the right shows the "main hall" of the crypt: on the left a wireless set is being operated; on the extreme right the midnight meal is being prepared; in the background a group of off-duty men play cards

b

IN PRAISE OF THE R.A.O.C.

The Corps which Feeds the Army with all its Mechanical Equipment, Guns, Supplies and Stores of all Kinds

By CHARLES GRAVES

AS with the Corps of Military Police and the Royal Army Service Corps, so with the Royal Army Ordnance Corps. This is an all-in war, and the officers and men of the R.A.O.C. are finding themselves right up in the forward area of the battle instead of being well behind the front line. When our troops return to the Continent, the first flight of the maintenance organisation will be landed on the beaches while the first assault brigades are fighting for an initial foothold. This is the beach group, which includes an Ordnance beach detachment which goes in with the assault troops and establishes the beach dumps of ammunition and stores. It holds ammunition, complete wireless-sets, small arms, clothing, spare parts and accessories for armoured fighting vehicles and trucks, together with engineer and signal stores and a limited range of expendable stores.

This detachment will be situated at first in the beach maintenance area, though it may be moved into the rear maintenance area as the advance develops. It is specially trained for the job, and its personnel are skilled in the handling, care and issue of ammunition and ordnance stores. They get ready as quickly as possible to hand out to the fighting troops their vital requirements to replace battle losses. The quantity and character of these reserves have been worked out by War Office experts on the basis of previous experience, and will form a kind of austerity scale of equipment for the job in hand. Then, just as the follow-up troops come close behind the first assault brigades, so the follow-up supply services appear on the scene. In the case of the R.A.O.C., this means more landing reserves and then a wider range of ordnance stores, known as beach maintenance packs, and additional ammunition, together with R.A.O.C. personnel to handle them.

These maintenance packs will be rapidly stocked in the dumps and provide a wider range and replenishment of fighting stores and essential spare parts for the R.E.M.E. workshop detachments to start their repairs.

As soon as the assault brigades have been made up to their full war establishment scales of first-line transport, divisional ordnance field parks will arrive. The job of these mobile parks is to supply the fighting troops still more fully than before.

The divisional ordnance field parks will have complete wireless-sets and still more spare parts, small arms and certain items of general stores and clothing. When the landing has been successfully developed and the beachhead increased to a reasonable depth, the Corps ordnance field parks will be landed until finally the complete organisation plant for the Expeditionary Force will be accomplished; though this cannot take place before the requisite ports have been captured, patched up and re-equipped with cranes enabling them to handle the daily stream of freight ships necessary for the venture.

FEEDING CASES OF 25-POUNDER H.E. on to rollers to feed the endless belt conveying the charges to the loading bay in the underground arsenal

There are, in fact, four phases of supply with which the R.A.O.C. will have to contend—first line, second line and third line maintenance up to the full scale. But only a selected list of ordnance stores can be stocked in a theatre of war, the total number of different items in England being over 700,000, and it is the duty of the R.A.O.C. to provide units promptly with every authorised item they need; though it will naturally depend on the fighting troops' ability to state precisely what they need, how many and what size. The average layman has no idea of what an army landing on enemy occupied territory has to take with it to maintain itself even for a short time; especially when a scorched earth policy is being adopted. And it is up to the R.A.O.C. to provide everything, from hospital laundries to bridge-layers. Perhaps the biggest headache of all is provided by the question of spare parts. In the Middle East, many spare parts were unusable because their identity had been lost, and they rusted away with no one knowing what they were for, or for whom they were meant. To prevent this, a remarkable system of pre-packing has had to be devised.

A campaign can easily be won or lost by the speed with which field repair organisations bring damaged weapons and vehicles back into front-line service. Much of Rommel's early success in North Africa was due to the admirable way in which the German tank engineers and maintenance crews managed to get their armoured fighting vehicles back into the battle almost immediately. Our own experience in Italy, as well as North Africa, has shown that it is not enough to ship equipment and spare parts rapidly in large quantities to front-line repair units. This equipment and these spare parts must reach the forward areas in a good state of preservation, readily identifiable, and packed so that they can be handled quickly. When a cigarette manufacturer sends a thousand cigarettes to a retail tobacconist, he does not send them loose. They reach the tobacconist in cartons of ten or twenty, or in boxes of fifty or one hundred. Similarly, warlike stores have to be "cartonised," a horrible but useful new piece of military jargon.

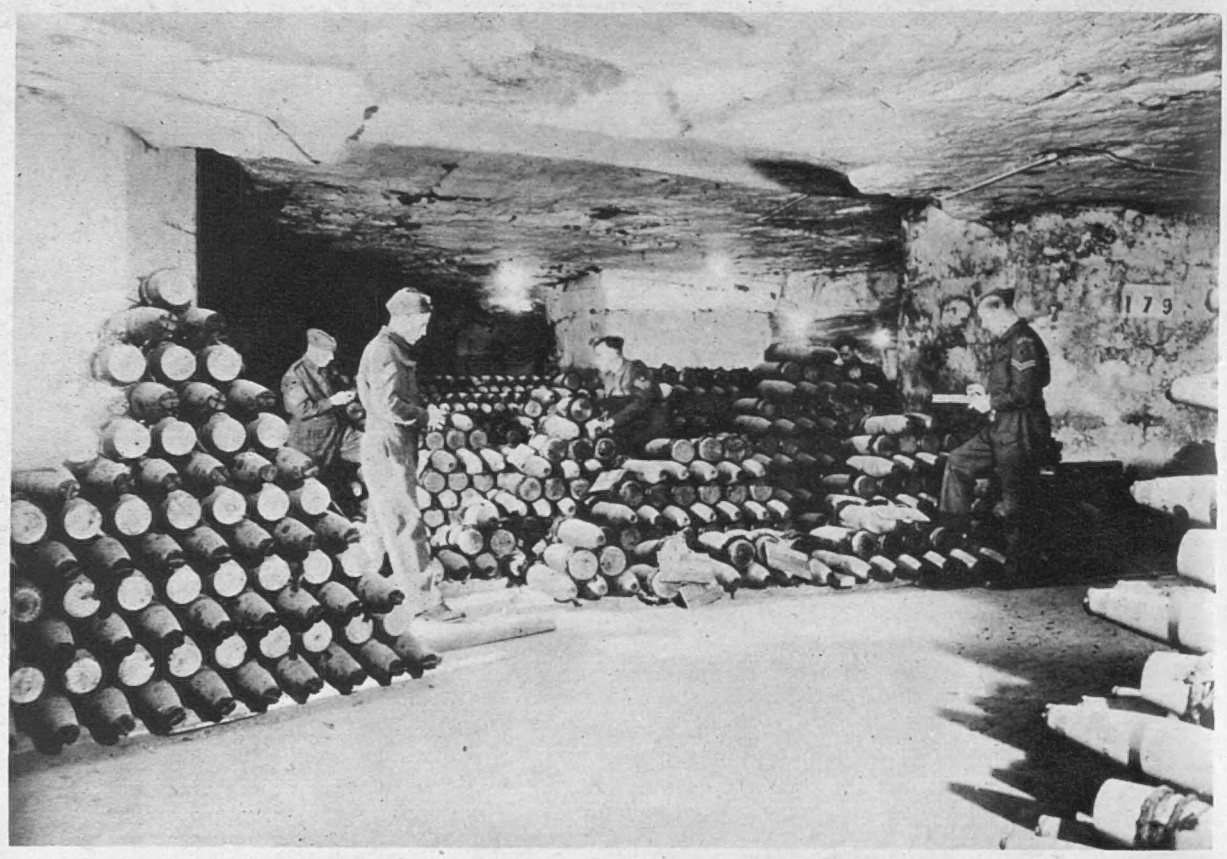
A number of processes are involved in pre-packing. After the despatch of components to the pre-packing department, they have to be de-greased, then dipped or sprayed with the specified type of preservative, then allowed to drip and dry before further handling. After this, they have to be given identification labels, wrapped up, packed into cartons, and finally sealed with gummed paper-tape; after which, inspectors need to check the identification and quantities in relation to the Government inspection note.

Next comes boxing. But no wonder that nation-wide salvage drives had to be undertaken in order to supply all the paper and cardboard necessary for making the vital cartons to contain all these spare parts.

As I explained in a previous article in THE SPHERE, the British Army and the U.S. Army have been at great pains to exchange officers and men for training and to acquire knowledge about the various warlike stores of the two forces. It could be very awkward if, as might well happen, British stores were landed on a beachhead held by the Americans, or *vice versa*.

Someone recently described the job of landing an expeditionary force on the Continent as being equivalent to moving most of Manchester, lock, stock and barrel, from one part of the country to another. Certainly, there are immense quantities of stores of all kinds which will not only have to be brought across by the Royal Navy, but sorted out and handed out as soon as possible, when the bridgehead or bridgeheads are still in the process of being secured.

All this has to be done by the officers and men of the R.A.O.C. In the case of laundries, specialist units will be necessary. The personnel will consist of a nucleus of military augmented by civilians of occupied territory or prisoners of war.



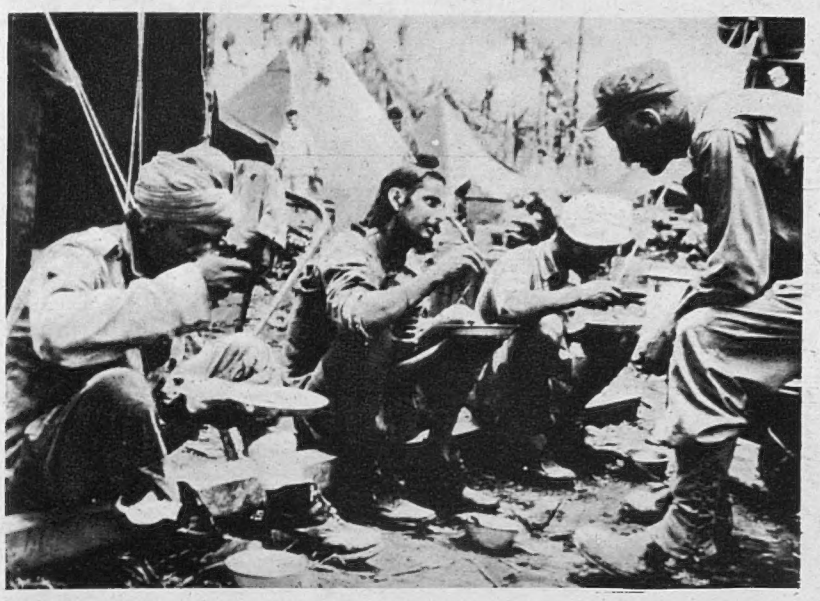
READY FOR THE COMING INVASION—shells by the million: Deep in an underground cavern, so deep that neither temperature nor humidity varies between summer and winter, the R.A.O.C. have a huge arsenal where millions of shells are stacked in bays: when needed, they are transported to the railhead underground by means of miles of conveyer belting. Work in this arsenal goes on throughout the whole of the twenty-four hours of every day; all calibres of ammunition—from ·303 small arms to 18-in. heavies—are stacked here by the million. In this picture the men are checking up an issue of 6-in. shells in one of the huge bays

Industrial gas units which manufacture and supply oxygen and acetylene for the R.E. and R.E.M.E. are also provided by the R.A.O.C. Guarding ammunition depots is bound to be a dangerous duty, while every day lorries and tanks will have to be repaired and replaced. There can, however, be no organisation in a bridgehead like the barrack services at home, and the R.A.O.C. will be ready to supply stores merely on a verbal order if the normal system of indenting cannot be complied with, because of enemy action.

A constant supply of complete assemblies, such as engines for vehicles, is a vital factor in any campaign. If this stops, any advance is equally curtailed. But as it is impossible to supply a constant flow of new assemblies, previous ones must be repaired and put back into service. This demands a pool, and when a replacement is made from it the repairable assembly which has been replaced must go back to the main base for repair. If there is any hitch in the movement of assemblies, or if large numbers are allowed to accumulate along the lines of communication, it is evident that the flow will stop, the pool will dry up and the supply of assemblies cease. This is yet another of the R.A.O.C.'s innumerable headaches.

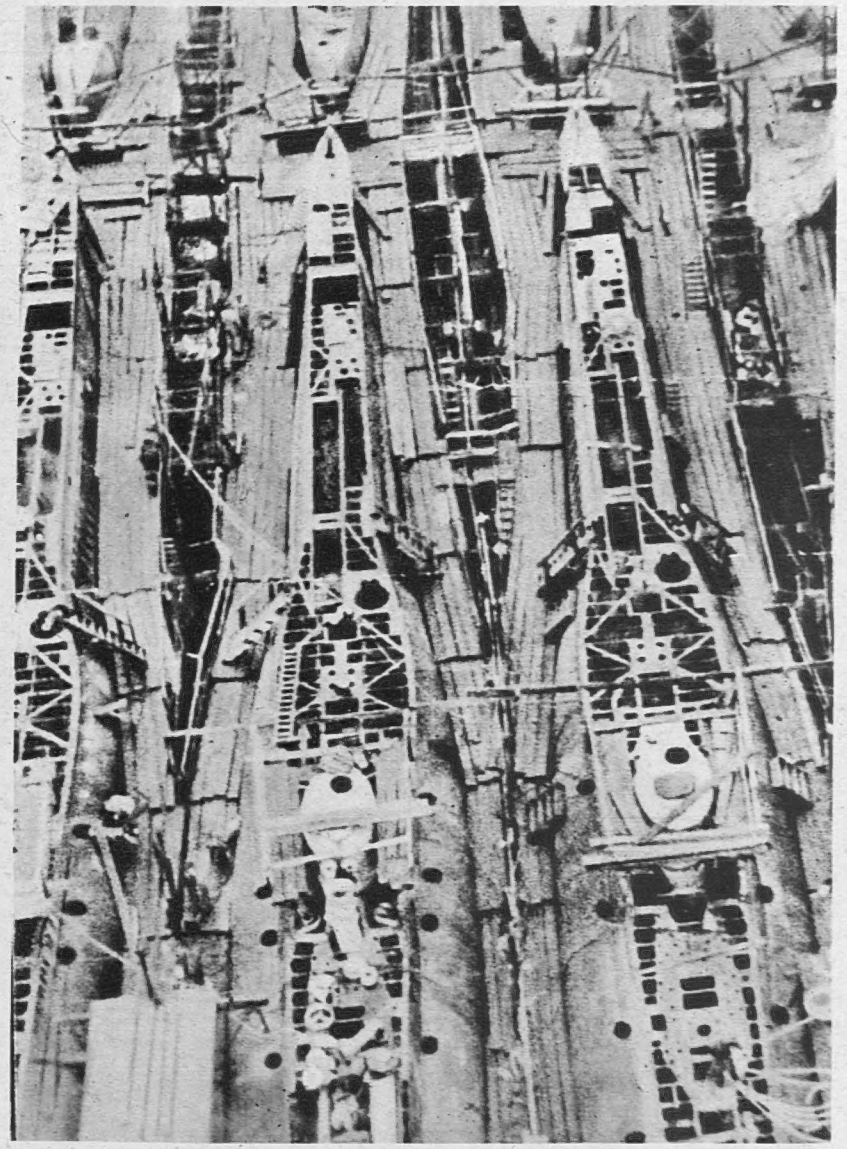
The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

NEW PICTURES from the ENEMY'S LANDS



INDIAN SOLDIERS FREED FROM THE HANDS OF THE JAPS: These Sikh warriors were captured at the fall of Singapore: they were taken by the Japs to Rabaul and thence to Los Negros, in the Central Pacific, to act as labourers. When Los Negros was recently captured by the Americans, the Sikhs were freed. They numbered in all sixty-nine. Here an American officer is questioning the men as they eat a meal supplied by their liberators

NUNS FREED FROM THE JAPS BY THE AMERICANS: When the U.S. forces wrested the Jap-held bases from the enemy at Hollandia in Dutch New Guinea, they were able to free a number of Roman Catholic nuns and 121 missionaries who had been held captive since the beginning of the Japanese war. Here two of the nuns are seen being assisted from an American landing craft after their journey from Hollandia to a base at the rear



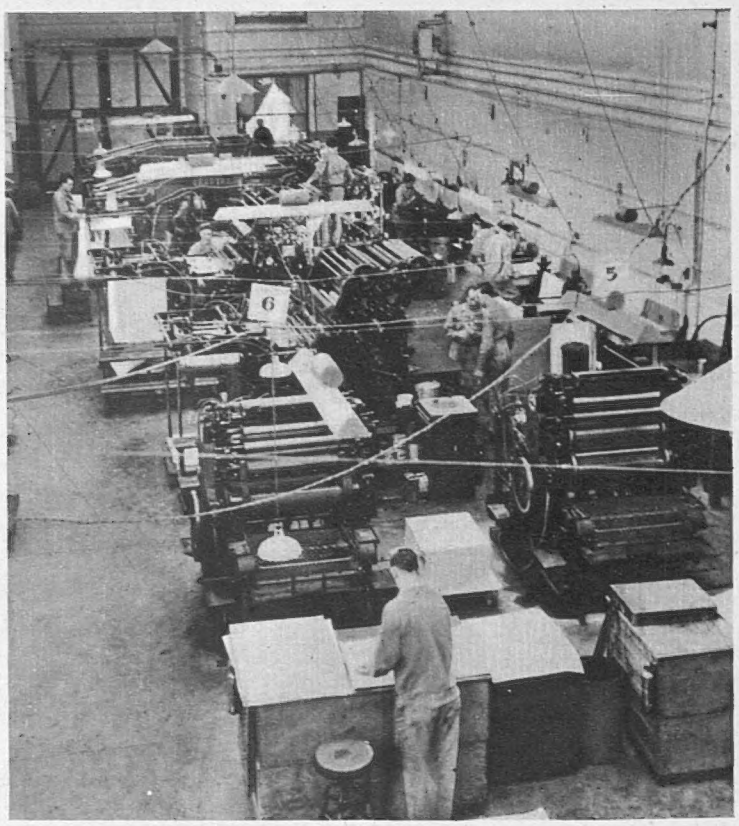
THE "MASS-PRODUCTION" OF U-BOATS IN GERMANY: This picture has reached London by way of a neutral country. It purports to show the manner in which Nazi submarines are now being built on the grand scale. "The construction of single U-boats is now a thing of the past," states the caption. "They now leave the German shipyards in big series"

A PICTURE TAKEN SOON AFTER PEARL HARBOUR, but only recently published in the Japanese propaganda magazine *Freedom*. The caption which accompanies it states that it shows General Jonathan Wainwright, of the U.S. Army, broadcasting orders to all American forces in the Philippines to stop fighting after the surrender of Corregidor to the Japs. General Wainwright assumed command after the departure of General MacArthur for Australia

FOUR PICTURES FROM BERLIN, showing Allied bomb damage in the German capital: The upper left picture shows the corner of the Potsdamerplatz and Potsdamer Strasse, with ruined and devastated buildings on all hands. In the upper right is a view of the Schill Strasse: there is not a single house which has not been gravely damaged by incendiaries. The bottom left picture shows the Ansbacher Strasse as seen from the Wittenberg Platz: not a single façade remains, and every interior has been burnt out. The picture in the bottom right shows the Nettelbeck Strasse, barred to the public because of weakened walls.

INVASION—

How Britain is Preparing for the Opening of the Second Front—*A Series of Pictures Showing "On the Eve" Scenes*



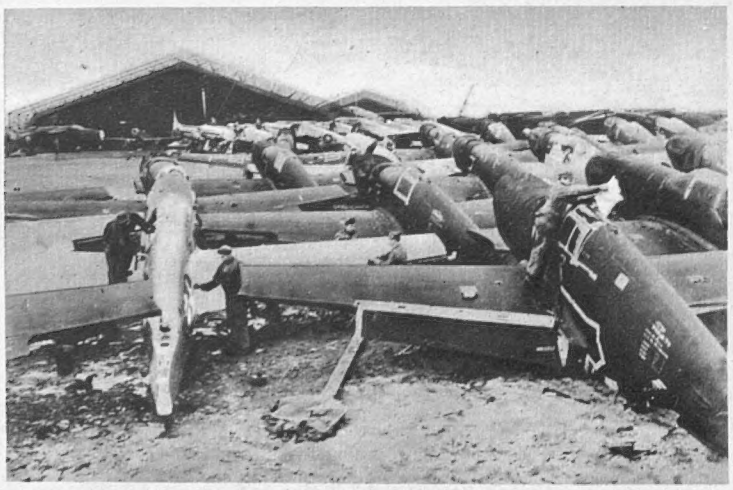
AMERICAN PRESSES IN ENGLAND ROLL OUT THE MAPS OF LIBERATION. Many of these will be needed: eight machines run twenty-four hours a day in this press room of an American Army Topographical Unit, turning them out

THE MAPS ARE PREPARED FOR DISTRIBUTION TO UNIT COMMANDERS. Special machinery and special personnel are engaged on this work, carried out by a Topographical Unit of the U.S. Army in this country. The maps are here being sealed: they will be distributed as soon as the invasion opens

BRITAIN, THE INVASION ARSENAL: Bofors guns, sheeted-over and parked in long lines. To-day Britain is a huge arsenal for the greatest Combined Operation in history. Throughout the countryside are massed dumps and stores of tanks, guns, equipment of all kinds, and the thousand-and-one things that go to the making of a modern army in the field. When the Second Front opens, all these stores will be instantly available to our armies of liberation

A BIG NUMBER OF LOCOMOTIVES READY FOR THE CONTINENT. Stored on spur tracks alongside two open main lines, this big supply of new and powerful engines is awaiting employment in the invasion of Europe. Labelled "Transportation Corps, U.S. Army," more than one hundred engines rest on eight lines of track under armed guard

A MOBILE AIR BASE READY FOR INVASION DUTIES. Within five minutes' flying time from Europe, one of the new American fighter-bomber bases is now in operation. Living in a "mobile" state under canvas, the men are ready to move out in the wake of the land forces, lock, stock and barrel. The entire airfield can be packed up and transferred to a new site in a matter of hours. This picture shows the open-air messes at the base. Logs are used as tables—or even the ground. The peaceful scene belies the fact that this is one of the busiest fighter aerodromes in its own special theatre of war



REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE ALLIED AIR ARMADAS. Newly-arrived Mustang fighter planes crowd an American assembly plant while awaiting the removal of the protective grease with which they were covered when shipped. After assembly, these planes will take their place in the great Allied air fleets now pounding Hitler's European "fortress"

READY FOR ZERO HOUR: AMMUNITION STOCKED ALONG THE ROADSIDE IN SHEETED-OVER, CORRUGATED IRON HUTS. Up and down the countryside, in every corner of these tight-packed islands, are visible signs of the preparations already made for "D" Day and Invasion. Aerodromes, ammunition-dumps, gun and lorry parks, are testimony to the great stores of material with which the Allied armies will cross to the Continent when the moment comes

CAMOUFLAGED BREN-CARRIERS AT THE SIDE OF A COUNTRY ROAD. The camouflage is for concealment from German "spy" planes: beneath the boughs and twigs, last-minute adjustments are being carried out

AT THE MOBILE AIR BASE SHOWN ON THE LEFT: The start of a fighter sweep across Northern France. The planes are seen at the head of the runway ready to take off

ON THE MOVE IN ENGLAND: An every-day scene in a country district. On every road, scenes such as the above are being witnessed daily, as convoys of American Army mobile units move along the roads and lanes of rural England. The majority of them are shifting from their bases to unknown destinations. Each convoy is under the guidance of its own motor-cycle police, and each is fully armed against hostile aircraft. A tremendous amount of detail work is involved in the movement of each of these large convoys

A NEW IDEA IN AIR RAIDS OVER ENEMY-OCCUPIED TERRITORY: A British plane arrives early over Annecy, in South-East France, to give warning to the French citizens of the coming attack: the aircraft was equipped with a siren for the purpose—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

THE WAR BY AIR

The Latest News and Developments of American and British Aircraft

In mid-May, the French town of Annecy was raided by night by the R.A.F. The Alert was duly sounded—but not by the authorities, who should have given the warning. For twenty minutes before the arrival of the main bombing force, a British plane circled over the town and sounded the Alert by means of a siren with which it had been specially equipped. Only those citizens who disregarded the warning were injured when the bombs began to fall. This is a new idea, to counteract the Germans' neglect of duty towards the French people whom they hold in subjection and whose welfare is not, obviously, their first concern! In the drawing reproduced above, the garrison headquarters in the centre of the town are shown. Annecy is the capital of the Haute-Savoie, an important railway junction and a big manufacturing centre

WHEN THE INVASION COMES, carrier-pigeons will be aboard every Dakota transport that flies—

Drawing by Roland Davies

The Dakota (Douglas C.47) is the big transport plane which will convey paratroops and glider-borne infantry to the Continent when the Second Front is opened. Aboard each of these aircraft will be carrier-pigeons, for use as a secondary means of communication. During battle operations radio silence will be maintained: pigeons may be one alternative method of communicating with the base. Pigeon detachments are now a part of every combat wing of the American Troop-Carrier Command: they are also largely employed by the R.A.F. during operational flights

***On left*—THE FINE PERFORMANCE OF WHITE VISION, after a flying-boat had been forced down in the sea—**

Drawing by Roland Davies

White Vision formed part of the crew of the aircraft. After the latter had come down in the sea, the pigeon brought the first news of the missing flying-boat: she flew through a thick mist (with a visibility of only 100 yards) and a 25-m.p.h. head wind, in the chill, wet, storm weather of the Equinox in northern waters. The conditions were such that no aircraft were permitted to take off to search. "White Vision" persisted, seeking among the fog-bound northern islands for her loft, for eight hours and forty minutes before she reached it, barely 60 miles from her starting-point.

THE BACK-TO-FRONT AIRCRAFT: A diagram of the projected ship-borne fighter, of which the Miles 35 (shown on the right) is only a scale model

A new type of aircraft has just been designed and produced by Miles Aircraft, Ltd. (the designers of the famous Miles Master training aircraft of the R.A.F.). When in the air, this plane appears to be flying backwards! It is a tandem-winged machine, in which the smaller of the two wings is in front, giving the impression of a tail plane. Mr. George Miles, Chief Designer of Miles Aircraft, designed it as a ship-borne fighter. The Miles 35, as it has been called, will be particularly suitable for this purpose, as the pilot has an unrestricted view all round, while the wing-span is smaller than on orthodox aircraft — two important factors when landing on the restricted space of an aircraft-carrier. Tests have been highly successful

THE MILES 35 IN FLIGHT. This aircraft has its tail in front and its propeller at the back: its special virtues are unrestricted view for the pilot and small wing-span for operation from the deck of an aircraft-carrier

THE NEW HAVOC FIGHTERS AND BOMBERS NOW FLY FASTER AND FARTHER: Fighter—or "solid nosed"—versions taxi-ing down the runway at an English base as they take off for a raid. These are the aircraft which developed the "skip-bombing" technique in the Pacific theatre of war

Two new models of the A.20 Havoc light bomber are now being flown by the U.S. Ninth Air Force from British bases: one has a transparent nose, and the other a solid nose and six forward-firing machine-guns. The solid-nosed Havocs release their bombs to synchronise in timing and aiming-point with the glass-nosed aircraft: both versions carry 2,000 lb. of high-explosive bombs. Each has a power-operated turret equipped with two ·50 machine-guns. The solid-nosed Havoc has nine machine-guns in all. Up to now, it has flown from Britain only as a medium-level bomber, but its six ·50 guns in the nose make it an excellent low-altitude strafing machine. The glass-nosed Havocs carry a crew of four, and the solid-nosed machine (in which the pilot releases the bombs) a crew of three. The new Havocs have a speed of more than 320 m.p.h. and a tactical radius of more than 350 miles. These aircraft are also known in some theatres of war as "Bostons"

THE LIGHTNING FIGHTER CARRIES TWO 500-LB. BOMBS: These are the long-range, twin-tail aircraft which have been accompanying the heavies on their daylight raids over Germany and France. Their twin bombs are mounted, as shown above, between the pilot's cockpit and the engines

LANDING AFTER A RECORD FLIGHT IN AMERICA: The scene at New York as a P-51 Mustang came in for landing after a record flight across the North American continent. Piloted by Colonel Clair A. Peterson, the Mustang flew from Inglewood, in California, to New York in six hours, thirty-two and a half minutes: this time included a six-and-a-half-minute stop in Kansas City for refuelling

CONVERGING ON MYITKYINA, IN UPPER BURMA, WHERE A CHINESE ARMY FROM YUNNAN HAS BEEN MARCHING TOWARDS GENERAL STILWELL'S FORCES APPROACHING FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION. These troops have already crossed the Mekong Valley and the Salween River, with the evident intention of clearing the district of the Japs and thus reopening the Burma Road into China (*See notes below*)—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The APPROACH to MYITKYINA

The Joint Operations of General Stilwell, "Merrill's Marauders," and a New Chinese Army in Burma

Myitkyina has long been the objective to which the Allied forces under General Stilwell have been pressing forward in Northern Burma, racing against time to reach the shelter of the town before the monsoon descends in full force.

It was on May 17 that the Japs were surprised by the sudden appearance of Brig.-General Merrill's American and Chinese troops, who pounced upon the main airfield, lying two miles south of the town. The Japanese Commander, General Mataguichi, had his attention directed upon Stilwell's main force near Kamaing, and upon the Chinese advance from the east, forgetting Merrill, who had been lost to sight. Being quite unprepared, the enemy did not put up much fight, and did not have the time to destroy the metal runways of the airfield. Merrill and his men had made a march of twenty days over the Kumon Hills, to the north of Myitkyina, along mountain trails considered impassable for troops. Within an hour gliders appeared over the airfield bringing engineers, general equipment, guns and supplies. The first glider was piloted by Brig.-General Old, U.S.A.A.F., commander of the troop-carriers. It was from this airfield that the last crowded transport plane left when the Japanese were pressing forward on their victorious march in 1942, and now the Allies are back after two years. It has meant hard slogging through jungles, over mountains and rivers, hard fighting and every kind of physical discomfort to achieve this victory.

No sooner was the airfield occupied than the town itself was attacked, mortar-shells pounding the enemy positions. The outskirts were soon mopped up and part of the town itself entered. General Stilwell arrived to direct operations, for the taking of Myitkyina was a vital necessity. The enemy garrison, estimated at 5,000 men, became isolated, cut off from hope of reinforcements. Road blocks cut off supplies from Mogaung, the Chindits were holding the Bhamo Road and columns of Allied troops were attacking from the north, east and west. Another column has pushed on to the south towards Bhamo.

The importance of Myitkyina lies in being the northern railhead of the Rangoon and Mandalay railway, as having been the main base of the enemy in North Burma and of its approach by road to China, apart from the possibility of its becoming a valuable airbase for China.

On May 15 the first news came of an advance of Chinese troops from Yunnan, marching to join up with the Allies at Myitkyina, and thus to complete the road being pushed from Ledo, in Assam. It was said that they had crossed the Salween River, the roaring torrent lying 7,000 ft. deep in a majestic gorge, among the finest mountain scenery in the world. Two suspension-bridges cross the river, made when the Burma Road was constructed in 1938. The Japanese cut the road in 1942, stopping the flow of supplies into China, but apparently they have not held it with any great strength, which was unnecessary when they were in possession of all Burma. The main Burma Road runs from Lashio to Pao-Shan and on to Kunming, a secondary road runs from Bhamo to Tengyuch on to Pao-Shan, where it joins the main road, while a third road, useful for horse traffic only, came from Myitkyina to Tengyuch. The Bhamo Road is very narrow, barely more than one-way traffic, but has been useful for bringing goods delivered by river and rail to Bhamo.

The Chinese have been pushing through jungles and mountains towards Tengyuch. They reached the Shweli River, a tributary of the Irrawaddy, lying in a lovely canyon, but on a far smaller scale than that of the stupendous Salween, and then pressed on over the grass-covered mountain-range through the Mamien Pass, leading to Tengyuch.

AMERICAN TROOPS LOAD PACK-ANIMALS FOR A JOURNEY OVER THE LEDO ROAD: In a clearing in the jungles of Northern Burma, at sundown, the Americans are loading up pack-animals. Supplies and equipment for the U.S. and Chinese troops pressing down to Myitkyina move over the completed sections of the new supply route, which is being built on the heels of the advancing armies. The Ledo Road runs from India into Burma: eventually, it is hoped to link it up with the old Burma Road into the heart of China, so that our Far Eastern allies can be supplied with badly-needed war material

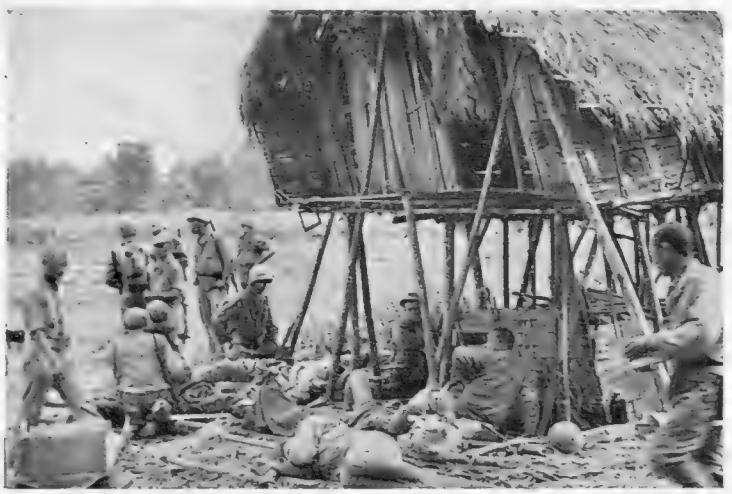
TWO ENGLISHWOMEN IN ARAKAN: Sister May Eadie, from Llandrindod, and Sister Alexander Wylie, from Canonbie, working at a hospital run by the Queen Alexandra Nursing Service

Scenes from the Northern Burma Front

THE MAN IN COMMAND IN NORTH BURMA: Lieut.-General Joseph W. Stilwell, Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Forces in China, Burma and India, sits at a vantage-point overlooking the Tana River as his American-trained Chinese troops cautiously advance to the Jap-held side. General Stilwell ("Old Joe" to his men) is now pressing down towards Myitkyina, whose fall is considered imminent at the moment of writing

AFTER THE BURMESE HAD ROUNDED UP ELEPHANTS FOR THE ALLIES. After the British evacuation of Burma in 1941, several thousands of valuable transport elephants fell into the hands of the Japanese. British officers who stayed behind, helped by local villagers, gradually rounded them up and brought them back across the Assam-Burma border. At one time two Burmans managed to stampede sixty elephants at once from the Japanese lines, bringing them, with the aid of several women who volunteered to ride them, 36 miles in two days. Since then elephants have played a considerable part in the Allied offensive, both as transports and in clearing jungle and building roads. Although needing a certain amount of "military training," they are able to traverse country that is impassable even to mules. In the picture above, an elephant is shown dragging a log during bridge-building operations. Most of the elephants used are female. and are trained at the world's largest elephant camp

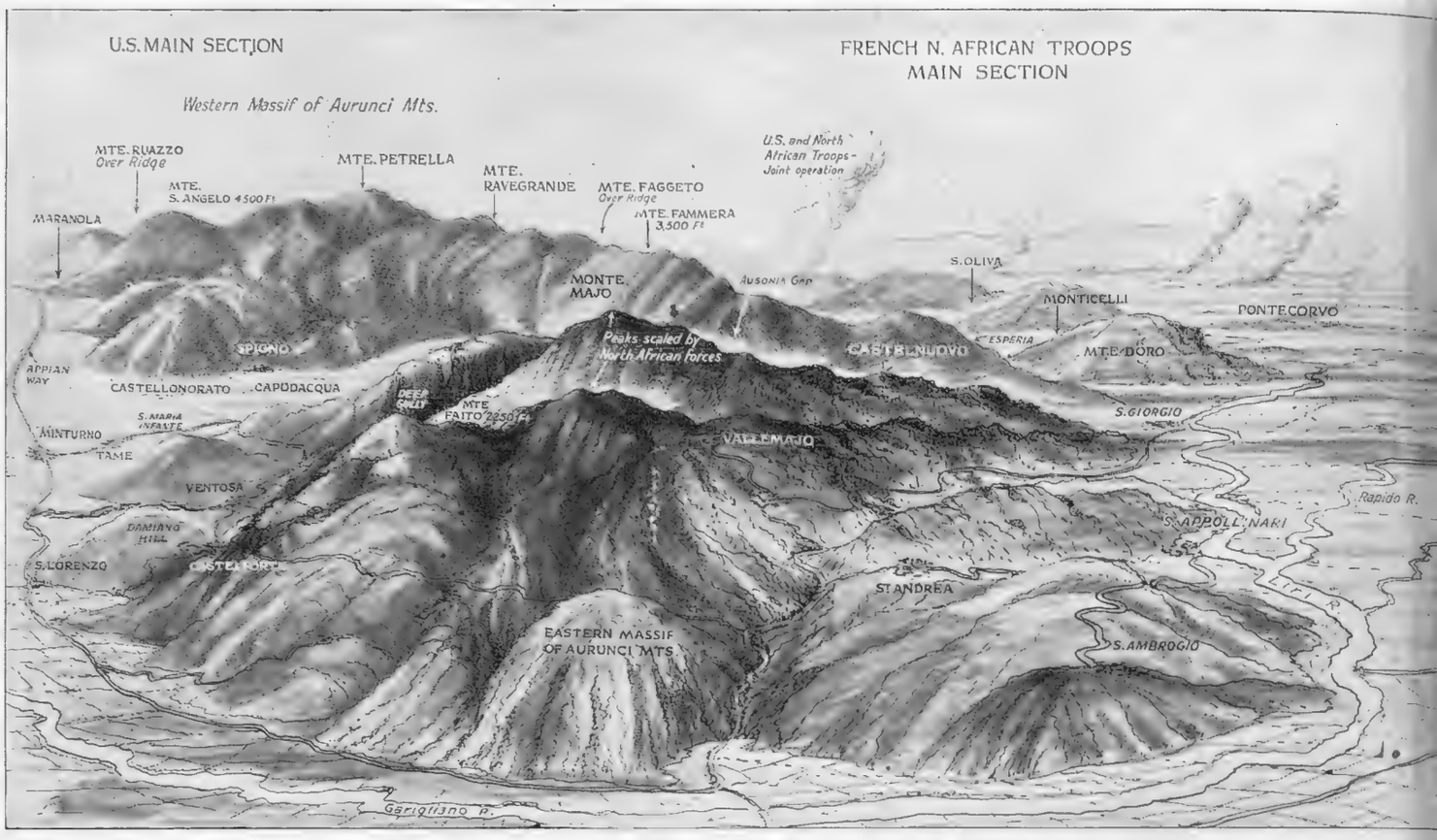
TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT MAKE WAR IN THE BURMESE JUNGLE POSSIBLE: American infantrymen fighting in the heart of the jungle, are here waiting at the edge of a clearing to receive the parachutes bearing vital supplies which have been dropped from the sky. By a combination of radio and aircraft it has been possible to reinforce the fighting men by this means: otherwise their continued operations against the Japs would have been impossible. The transport aircraft used in the Burmese war are capable of sustaining many thousands of fighting men operating far behind the enemy's rear



TREATING THE WOUNDED IN A NORTH BURMA VILLAGE: This scene in a deserted Kachin village, in the Hukawng Valley, shows men of the U.S. Army Medical Corps treating American and Chinese wounded after a successful drive against the Japs in which heavy losses were inflicted on the enemy

HOW THE LEDO ROAD IS BEING BUILT BY U.S. SOLDIERS: If one jeep bogs down in the mud of the new road, the whole caravan of "blitz buggies" coming up behind is temporarily halted. Negro soldiers attached to an Engineering Division are helping to construct this new supply route into China, which already runs from India to a point very near the Chinese border. The section of road seen above had only just been cleared of its jungle growth

THE R.A.F. CONTINUE TO BOMB THE JAPANESE: Without cease, British aircraft continue to attack the vital and vulnerable Jap lines of communication throughout Burma. This picture was taken when Beaufighters recently made a series of attacks on the important oil pipe-line which runs south from Nyaunghla, in the Yenangyaung oilfield area, to Syriam, near Rangoon. The picture shows strikes on the oil pump-house at Kanhla, on the Irrawaddy, 45 miles south of Magwe. Clouds of smoke are billowing up from the target



THE PIERCING OF THE MOUNTAIN SECTION OF THE GUSTAV LINE by American and North African forces. How the western massif of the Aurunci Mountains was captured on the flank of the Germans whilst British forces were making the main frontal assault in the Liri Valley—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The SMASHING of the GUSTAV LINE

Special "Sphere" Drawings Showing the Advance into San Angelo and the Capture of the Aurunci Mountain Positions

When the massed attack of the Allied forces was launched against the Gustav Line, stretching rom north of Monte Cassino down to the seashore, south-west of Minturno, attention was first concentrated upon the heroic efforts of the sappers to bridge the Rapido under intense enemy crossfire. When this gallant effort was successfully accomplished, attention soon turned to some spectacular advances which were simultaneously being made by French North African troops and U.S. forces which had gathered for the assault on the northern bank of the Garigliano in the Castelforte-Minturno area.

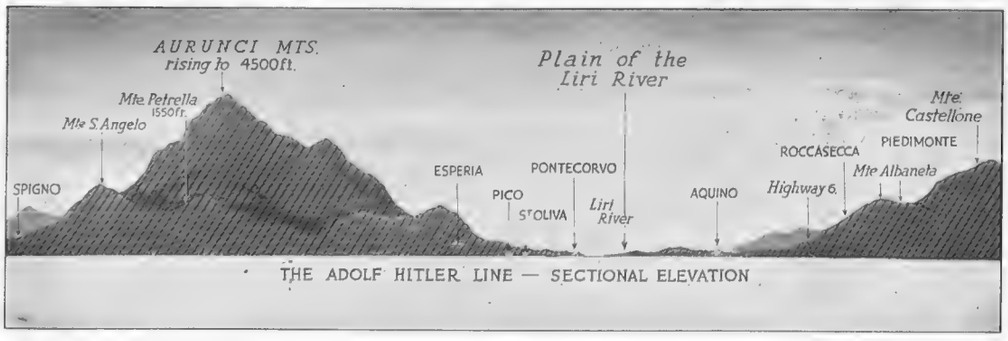
It was learned that rapid advances were being made both by the North African troops and the American. The first news indicated that they were scaling very difficult heights in the neighbourhood of Castelforte, and it was announced that North Africans had captured the crest of Monte Faito (2,250 ft.) and were pressing on towards the still more dominating height of Monte Majo. The Americans had taken the Damjano hill mass and the adjacent town of Ventosa, with some additional hills north and west of Minturno.

The Moroccan goums are reported to have accomplished some remarkable rock-scaling in capturing Monte Faito and other peaks in the mountain mass which confronted them. A deep, precipitous-sided gully leads up to Monte Majo, and is reached by a short hill road north of Castelforte. This may have been used by some of the assaulting troops in the attack on Monte Majo and the capture of S. Giorgio, a small town at the northern mouth of the Ausonia gap, the depression which separates the twin massif of the Aurunci Mountains. Ausonia itself was captured immediately afterwards by a second force of North African troops.

It was this body probably which pressed on and took Esperia, together with a number of frowning heights; the most northerly being Fammera, followed towards the south by Ravegrande, Petrella (the highest peak) and S. Angelo. A force of goums and Moroccan troops was at the same time announced to have occupied S. Ambrogio and Vallemajo.

Towards the west Castelnuovo was occupied and the 3,500-ft. Mt. Fammera was scaled. The little hill village of St. Andrea towards the east was mopped up by the Senegalese, and in the west French forces pushed towards Mt. d'Oro and took Monticelli and captured St. Oliva, a village of the plain. A dramatic thrust towards the west was made by Americans and North African troops to Monte Faggeto (3,700 ft.). All this time American troops had been pressing forward nearer the coast and had occupied Santa Maria Infante and Tame on the main road north of Minturno. To the north-west Spigno was captured, together with Capodacqua. Other forces occupied Scauri on the Appian Way. These successes were followed by the capture of Castellonorato and the frowning height of S. Angelo (4,500 ft.).

HOW THE FRENCH MOVED UP INTO THE HILLS: Over terrain too difficult for modern vehicles, these hardy French soldiers and pack trains brought food and ammunition to the forward troops who kept moving in pursuit of the Germans after the fall of Castelforte



Above—**THE SOUTHERN END OF THE HITLER LINE, assaulted and captured by French and American troops.** Here the enemy fortifications were located in the mountains of the Aurunci massif. The French worked through the rugged country inland, whilst the Americans moved up along the sea. Formia and Itri were both captured, as well as the useful harbour of Gaeta: the Americans reached Terracina, at the head of the road to Rome, but had to retire under heavy German pressure

On left—**A CROSS SECTION THROUGH THE ADOLF HITLER LINE—from the sea to Monte Castellone.** Guarding the western end of the line were the Aurunci Mountains, soon to be overrun by the French and Americans: at the eastern end was the important town of Piedimonte and Highway Six. British troops had the difficult task of making the main frontal assault up the strongly-held Liri River Valley towards Pontecorvo

NDIAN TROOPS ON THE ITALIAN BATTLEFIELD SCORE A FIRST BIG SUCCESS : The storming of the village of San Angelo by the Gurkhas in a thick mist, with only two tanks in support ; the rest of the tanks had become bogged in the mud—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The first breach in the Gustav Line was made by the Gurkhas at San Angelo. This little village is perched on a mound close to the Rapido River : it had been converted by the Germans into a "miniature Cassino," with machine-guns amongst the rubble commanding the two bridges leading into it and a wide stretch of the fields on the opposite side of the river. The assault was carried out in a thick mist, the Gurkhas charging up the one shattered main street which sprawls along the river bank for several hundred yards. A number of tanks had been detailed to charge in support of the Gurkhas : but the tank formations were operating in hilly country where olive groves frequently screened their line of fire and where, in the little valleys, the ground is still so boggy from the winter rains that many became bogged down. Only two of the fighting vehicles actually reached the village, but these lent great support with their 75-mm. guns, and fired hundreds of rounds. When the Gurkhas carried out their attack, they cleared the village within the space of fifteen minutes

THE TANKS FLOOD ACROSS THE RAPIDO BRIDGES INTO THE LIRI PLAIN FOR THE ASSAULT OF THE GUSTAV LINE. The marshes alongside the road caught a number of them and bogged them down : mists shrouded the distant line of battle—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The tank played a prominent part in the tactics of the Liri battle from the first moments of the Allied assault. As soon as the Allied bridges had been thrown over the Rapido, tanks poured across into the new bridgehead area. They met a curious condition of affairs—a mixture of dust on the farm roads, with moist, marshy patches of land immediately adjacent. Attempts to reach certain definite targets meant the bogging of numerous tanks as the armoured columns fanned out towards villages and roads held by the enemy. One chief stream of tanks made towards Highway Six, where a big tank column charged down the road under cover of the heavy mist. This made great progress until the mist lifted, revealing a large number of enemy anti-tank guns. Further immediate progress was not possible against such an array. At this and other points the enemy employed tanks as a rearguard when withdrawing troops from the Gustav to the Adolf Hitler Line. An example of the dangers of the marshy areas to armoured vehicles was provided by the ground near San Angelo. This was so treacherous that only two tanks were able to take part in the attack. Massed tank attacks developed on both sides some days later ; the Allies found the plain anything but easy ground

THE PART PLAYED BY THE NAVY IN ITALY

The Shelling of the Italian Coast by Allied Naval Units; and the Work of Reinforcing the Anzio Bridgehead under Enemy Fire

A FRONT-LINE WADI IN THE ANZIO BEACHHEAD: A wiring party carrying material through the gully in preparation for the coming night's work in a forward area during the hours of darkness

Below—**ALLIED WARSHIPS BOMBARD THE ITALIAN COAST in support of the operations on land during the big offensive**—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

On one day, during the heavy fighting by the Fifth and Eighth Armies, the enemy was bombarded by a British cruiser which fired 800 rounds: although there was some retaliatory fire from the shore, our ships suffered no casualties whatever. On another day, a cruiser of the U.S. Navy, escorted by two destroyers, bombarded enemy positions and batteries in the area around Formia and Itri: two of the enemy's ammunition dumps were seen to be hit. In the drawing below in the foreground is a British cruiser of the Mauritius class (8,000 tons; 6-in. guns); she is supported by an American cruiser of the Portland class (9,800 tons; 8-in. guns)

In the bridgehead the troops have been in the habit of resting in their "fox-holes" during the greater part of the day and working at night. During the day, any movement could be seen by both sides, and it is only possible to move about under complete cover, such as that afforded by the wadis or gullies with which certain areas abound. Where there are no gullies, the whole area held by the Allies has been under fire from the enemy's guns

SUPPLIES AND EQUIPMENT STREAM INTO THE BRIDGEHEAD AT ANZIO: Loaded "Ducks" moving up to the beaches from the big transports offshore, as the enemy's artillery pumps shells into the sea during the landing operations—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

Ever since the far-off day in the dead of winter, when a large amphibious force thrust its way to the Anzio bridgehead (first known as the "Rome beachhead"), stores and ammunition beyond a quartermaster's most excited dream have been piling up on the Anzio-Nettuno foreshore. The task of accumulating and storing away all these things has not been easy. There are no natural caverns in which to arrange and label them; in this comparatively level stretch of land—the seaward edge of the Campagna—there is little protection against the constant shelling from the enemy's long-range guns. Uncertain and desultory it may be at times, but persistent enough to force everyone to become fervent dug-out builders. First-aid posts and hospitals have gone below, and so have other people who can conveniently do so. When shells hit the beaches, great geysers of foam have shone out white against the sky. The past few days have shown the wisdom of piling up stores within the beachhead: as the Fifth and Eighth Armies pushed forward through the Gustav and Hitler Lines, the forces at Anzio, plentifully supplied with all warlike stores and equipment, have also opened up an offensive, pushing northwards towards the Appian Way and threatening the enemy with a two-way "squeeze"

R.A.F. BALTIMORE BOMBERS OF THE DESERT AIR FORCE have been taking part in the big offensive, attacking enemy communications and gun positions behind the western and central sectors of the Liri Valley front. This aircraft had just taken part in an attack on a German battery: it is coming in to land on one of the specially-constructed airfields behind the Allied line. These forward fields are built up of metal strips, laid down end to end: by this means a firm surface is secured so that aircraft can land and take-off in all weathers

THE GREAT PART PLAYED BY THE ROYAL ENGINEERS IN BRIDGING THE RAPIDO so that the tanks and This bridge was constructed in the hours of darkness under heavy enemy shell-fire, after previous of many similar episodes during the first days of the big offensive

THE CROSSING OF THE RAPIDO RIVER

How it was Accomplished through the Devoted Work of the Sappers under Heavy Enemy Shell-Fire

British sappers, officers and men, played an heroic part in the bridge-building which was the key to success in the opening stages of the Rapido battle. On the first night of the offensive all efforts to construct one particular tank-carrying bridge across the 75-ft. span of the river had ended in failure. Many casualties had been inflicted upon the sappers by enemy mortars, machine-guns and rifle fire. German smoke-screens, mingling with the night mists, had caused some confusion and delay. The need for renewed efforts was urgent in the extreme, since infantry had passed across and required tank support. Next morning a conference of company commanders was held, and a plan was prepared to push the work to a successful completion at all costs. Three British companies were to carry out the task, relieving one another through the night as exhaustion and casualties necessitated. In the end, however, one company, strengthened with volunteers who had expressed a wish to be with their comrades, did the job. A start was made in the early evening—at five o'clock. All through the night the work went on, with ten bulldozers preparing the approaches. Out of a total of 160, three officers and twenty-five men became casualties. The efforts of the sappers were backed up by the Signallers, who carried lines across the river under fire, and were constantly at work repairing lines damaged by the shelling. Morning light saw the first tanks rattling across with infantry riding on them, to pass safely through a minefield on the other side.

SECTIONS OF A BRITISH REGIMENT MOVE UP TO THE FRONT through the lanes leading to the River Gari, over which our forward positions were by that time located. This picture was taken in the early days of the offensive, just when the Germans were beginning to fall back from the Gustav Line to the Adolf Hitler Line

The ALLIED TANKS in ACTION in the ITALIAN OFFENSIVE

infantry could cross for the assault of the Gustav Line. efforts to erect the 75-ft. span had failed. It was only one —*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker.* (*See note below*)

IN THE EARLY STAGES OF THE ATTACK IN THE CASSINO PLAIN : Sherman tanks moving forward during the operations against the Cassino stronghold. This picture was taken shortly after the bridgeheads across the Rapido River had been established. In the Cassino area, the Eighth Army pressed on in the face of determined enemy counter-attacks ; on the Cassino Plain, British and Indian units fought their way through dense wire entanglements and minefields under a rain of fire directed from the mountainside. This fighting led up to the capture of San Angelo. The Cassino battle was essentially a tank battle : by day the tanks advanced, and by night the infantry moved up behind them, to consolidate the newly-won ground

SHERMAN TANKS "IN HARBOUR" AFTER HEAVY FIGHTING : Dimly seen in the misty background lies the village of San Angelo, which had been captured by the Gurkhas with tank support. Everywhere the ground was still marshy from the winter rains, and on a number of occasions the heavy fighting-vehicles were bogged down in the mud and loose earth

AN M-4 TANK IS BLOWN OVER BY SHELL-FIRE. A scene from the Santa Maria Infanta area, where the enemy's mortar-fire was particularly heavy. The troops engaged in this region were American : the M-4 tank employed by them is one of their most successful armoured fighting vehicles

THE ATTACK IS ON. A big tank passes along a rough track leading to the bridge over the Liri River fifty yards ahead. Heavy mists lay over the countryside during the attack, shrouding the trees and obscuring the gunners' vision

The INVASION of HOLLANDIA in Dutch New Guinea

—Some New Pictures of the War in the South-West Pacific

On April 22, General Douglas MacArthur launched his offensive against the Japs in Dutch New Guinea by invading the Hollandia district on that huge island. American soldiers, storming ashore at three points along a 150-mile stretch of coastline, quickly captured the town of Hollandia itself and three important enemy aerodromes. The invasion was made by way of Hollandia; at Tanahmerah Bay, 35 miles away; and at Aitape, 150 miles to the east of the latter point. Supplementary landings six days later aided in blocking the escape routes of the Japanese troops (estimated at 60,000) entrapped in Dutch New Guinea. General MacArthur himself directed the operations. The pictures reproduced here were taken whilst the landings were actually in progress: two of them show the havoc wrought on the previously Jap-held aerodromes, all three of which quickly fell into Allied hands; the other three show scenes after the troops had landed at Tanahmerah Bay, Hollandia and Aitape. In the picture at the foot of this page, an enemy ammunition-dump, fired during the air and naval bombardment which preceded the landing, is seen still blazing behind

AFTER THE AMERICANS HAD BOMBED THE HOLLANDIA AIRFIELD: Jap planes are shown destroyed and burning all over the field—an incident in the destruction of at least 288 aircraft during the landings. These were destroyed in three days of fierce fighting and in attacks by General Kenny's Fifth Air Force bombers—mostly by bombs dropped by parachute

HUGE, HEAVILY-LADEN AMERICAN TRANSPORT PLANES land and take off from the Cyclops Airfield, near Hollandia. The field had been captured only a few days previously and had been hurriedly reconditioned for use by Allied aircraft. A squashed Jap Zero fighter, smashed into the ground by American bombs, is seen in the foreground

AMERICAN SOLDIERS AND SUPPLIES LANDED IN DUTCH NEW GUINEA. A scene at Tanahmerah Bay on April 22 as men and equipment were brought ashore to effect a junction with other American troops who simultaneously stormed ashore near Hollandia town, 35 miles to the east

JAPANESE PRISONERS CAPTURED AT AITAPE. Lieut Robert H. Pendlebury (on left) is Operations Officer of the Royal Australian Naval Reserve: Major Joy R. Bogue (on right) is a Staff Officer of the First Task Force at Aitape, 150 miles to the east of Tanahmerah. The nakedness of many of the Jap prisoners in the South-West Pacific is a curious feature which has been commented on by many observers on the spot

TANKS ASSEMBLE FOR MOPPING-UP OPERATIONS NEAR HOLLANDIA. The Shermans are setting out to rout Japanese snipers and to cut off the escape routes of 60,000 of the enemy trapped in Dutch New Guinea. Ammunition-dumps are going up in the background

AN INCIDENT IN THE AIR-SEA WAR IN THE PACIFIC. This Dauntless dive-bomber had flown off the deck of an aircraft-carrier for an attack on the Palau Islands. It was shot down by A.-A. fire after the pilot had severely damaged an enemy destroyer. Pilot and observer had time to break out their life-raft before the dive-bomber sank: both men—here seen on the wing of the aircraft—were rescued later

A JAP BOMBER IN FLIGHT. This medium bomber—known to the U.S. Navy as a "Sally"—was engaged in a running fight with an American aircraft when this picture was taken. It shows a great similarity to the American Lockheed Hudson in design, equipment and installations. Just after the picture was taken the Jap plane was shot down into the sea

THE ATTACK ON YAP BY CARRIER-BASED PLANES OF THE AMERICAN PACIFIC FLEET. This is the scene at the "city" of Yap, on the island of the same name, during the attack carried out on March 29 and 30. Japanese installations are burning furiously below, sending up great columns of smoke as the bombs hit home. Yap is a detached island of the Caroline group; formerly German, it passed to Japan under the Versailles treaty. Its greatest importance is as a cable centre: the Japs agreed not to fortify the island, but this agreement has long since been broken. The population of the island number 7,500

A JAP BOMB MISSES AN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER. The 500-lb. missile has sent up a column of water off the port side of the American "flat-top" near Rabaul. This enemy-held base on the east side of New Britain Island has been under continuous air bombardment by American land- and carrier-based aircraft for some months. A great number of American aircraft-carriers are now operating against the Japs in the Pacific

TRUK IS BLASTED AGAIN FROM THE AIR. Huge columns of smoke billow upward from the Jap naval base on Dublon Island, in the Truk atoll, after a new strike by the American Fleet's carrier-borne aircraft. A heavy concentration of Jap shipping can be seen in the harbour; and the hilly nature of the islands of the atoll is well brought out in the view. Since the great assault by the U.S. Navy and Air Force in February last, Truk has been continuously bombed, and great damage has been wrought, especially to the naval installations at Dublon

NEW DEVICES AND NEW INVENTIONS OF WAR

A Series of Drawings and Photographs of Recent Developments in Ordnance Vehicles and Equipment

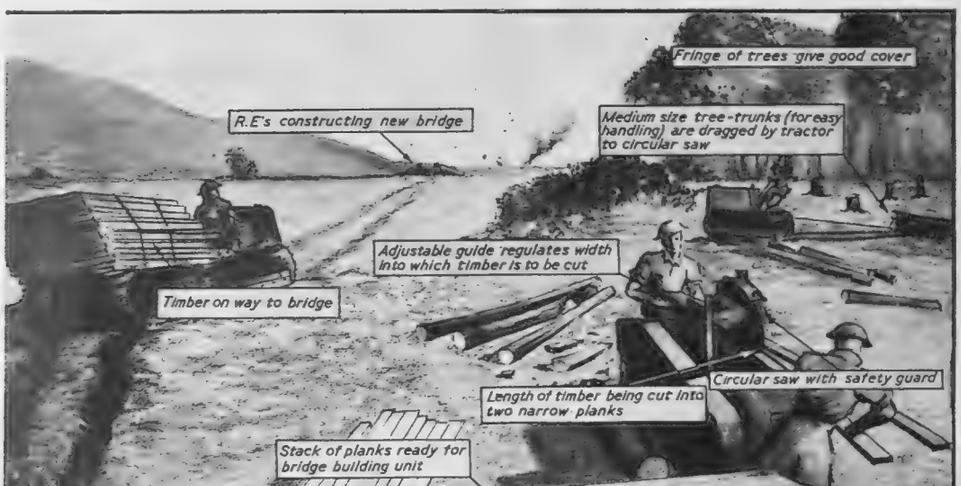
LAND MINES AND HOW THEY WORK: A diagrammatic exposition of the anti-personnel mine, how it is exploded by tanks and how it is marked when located—*Drawing by B. C. Wood*

Among the oldest of all the weapons of war, and among the least publicised, the mine is still going strong on both land and sea. It is a weapon peculiarly dear to the German mentality.

Mines are essentially such simple devices that a large number of changes can be rung in the method of functioning. Some are designed to be projected waist or shoulder high by a small charge of explosive, so timed that the main bursting charge only then explodes to send a shower of fragments over a 100-ft. circle. In others, a centrally-placed detonating device actuates a whole string of small mines, linked up to form a deadly circle round the tripping mechanism.

Other mines take the form of small wooden boxes about the size of a 500-cigarette carton. The explosive is a cake of TNT about the size of a soap tablet—insufficient to damage a vehicle, but enough to blow off the foot of the soldier who steps on it. Since a trained mine-laying company can put down as many as 10,000 of these little traps in a single night, involving, perhaps, a week's work to clear, the value of the mine as a delaying device is clear. Of course, no attempt is made at once to clear every inch of captured ground. The non-essential areas are marked "Mines," the cleared paths are taped or otherwise marked and the soldier who trespasses beyond the safe areas does so at his own peril. If only small mines are suspected, roads can be cleared by two or three tanks moving in echelon. Infantry who take care to walk in their tracks are perfectly safe.

The weather too sometimes takes a hand in the game. In the Western Desert, it was not unknown for heavy rainstorms to convert the road tracks into virtual rivers; when the storms subsided, the mines were often left quite exposed, the covering soil being washed away. Hard frosts will often prevent the firing mechanism from operating—it usually consists of a spring-operated striker, or crushing device. A hard frost will often jam the striker spring, or freeze the acid in the crusher type, so that they are temporarily harmless. A freak effect on the acid-bottle type is that, though naturally they will not go off if the bottle is broken when frozen, they will as soon as the thaw sets in, whether it be hours or days later!

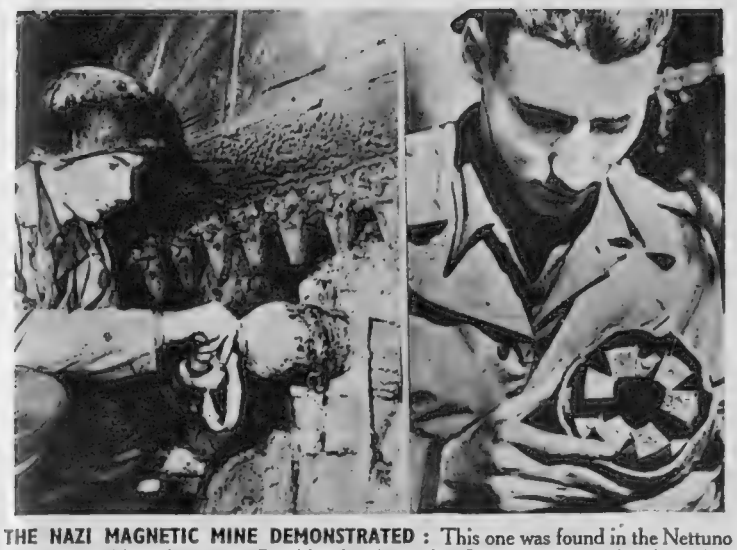


A SPECIAL PORTABLE ARMY SAWMILL, used on the battlefield to supply the sappers with their timber for bridge-building—*Drawing by B. C. Wood.* This drawing is based on photographic material received from the Anzio Bridgehead: it shows one of the devices employed just behind the fighting line for supplying urgently-needed material to the Royal Engineers for their work of bridge-building. The trees are felled in a near-by wood and dragged by tractor to the open-air sawmill: this latter is a portable machine which cuts the lengths up into planks of the required thickness. Details of its construction and operation are indicated in the drawing. As the planks are sawn, they are then transported by tracked vehicles to the site of the bridge near by. The whole essence of the operation is speed, and this is achieved by the use of the specially-designed and specially-tracked vehicles shown above

THE JEEP ADAPTED FOR USE AS AN AMBULANCE: The ubiquitous American vehicle has here been fitted with two stretchers on its back: on these the wounded are placed for rapid transportation from the actual firing-line to Field Surgery Units, so that no time need be lost in securing treatment for wounded soldiers

THE AMERICAN ARMY ADOPTS THE "CRASH BOAT": This craft made its first public appearance on April 19 on the Potomac River. It bears a marked resemblance to the American PT boat, is of streamlined construction and is made entirely of wood. Its speed is 50 miles per hour. "Equipped with everything from a dispensary to a cannon and fire-fighting equipment, it will be used primarily to rescue plane crews downed in the water." One hundred of these boats are stated to be ready for delivery to the various battle zones in which American troops are now fighting

LOADING A "DUCK" INTO THE NEW AMERICAN TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT: The plane is the new, all-steel Conestoga ordered for the use of the U.S. Navy for freight carriage between Fleet bases. The amphibious vehicle is driven on to the plane, stern first, through a big opening in the tail of the aircraft. The plane can carry two of these vehicles or a proportionate number of armed men, or an equivalent weight of urgently needed stores and equipment



THE NAZI MAGNETIC MINE DEMONSTRATED : This one was found in the Nettuno area within the Anzio Beachhead, where the Germans were using it against tanks, trucks and other vehicles. On the left the manner in which it is used to blow off the treads of a tank is shown: on the right, the magnets attached to the device are shown; these enable it to adhere to the steel parts of a vehicle until the mine finally explodes

THE NEW SLEEPING-BAG WHICH IS TO BECOME PART OF THE U.S. INFANTRYMAN'S EQUIPMENT. A woollen sleeping-bag, equal in warmth and protection to two regulation Army blankets, will soon become a regular issue to American troops in the field. In the upper picture, a soldier is shown inside one of the new bags: in the lower picture, the ordinary Army blankets now used are shown rolled up alongside the new sleeping-bag to show how much less room the latter occupies. The bag has a specially-made top, with a pear-shaped face-opening, so that the sleeper's head may fit snugly into it

A NAZI "FLAK-WAGON" CAPTURED AT ANZIO : The weapon seen above is a 20-mm. air-cooled, clip-fed gun which has been mounted on a turntable attached to the truck. Both gun and truck, when captured by the Americans, were found to be in excellent condition

ANOTHER HUGE WAR VEHICLE IS PRODUCED IN THE UNITED STATES : This is the world's largest tractor, whose existence has just been made public by the U.S. Ordnance Corps. The M6, as it is known, is a 38-ton high-speed military tractor which is more than double the size of the recently-announced M4. It teams up with the new 240-mm. howitzer and the 8-in. (200-mm.) gun

THE SMITH GUN, ONE OF THE WEAPONS WHICH WERE INVENTED TO REPEL A GERMAN INVASION OF BRITAIN : It is of revolutionary design, and the Home Guard were trained in its use against the enemy (*See note at right*)

AFTER WHEELING IT TO THE SCENE OF ACTION, the gun is tipped up into position for opening fire

The two pictures reproduced here have just been released for publication: they show the Smith Gun, which was designed for use in the case of invasion. The Home Guard were trained to use it; and it is considered of revolutionary design, inasmuch as the wheels form a stand and top-cover when the gun is up-ended for action. It is of smooth bore, and fires shells of 3-in. calibre: there are two wheels—one concave and the other convex. The gun fires two types of shell—anti-personnel (weighing 8 lb.) and anti-tank (weighing 6 lb.). It can be towed by a private car, and even by a horse. The great advantage of the Smith is that it is ready for instant action: when unlimbered, it is pushed over on to the concave wheel and is immediately ready for firing. The gun carries its own ammunition in special housings

THE POISON INTERNATIONAL

The Traffic in Drugs and how it could be Controlled by International Organisations Covering the Globe

Described by FERDINAND TUOHY.

THE claims put forward by which the U.S.S.R., the British Commonwealth, the United States and China should together form a super-World Council in fact if not in name, may not be acceptable to many of the remainder of articulate mankind. But what a fine job the four could do if they sincerely and genuinely got together over the international drug traffic. There would not be much jibbing at that which could be justified or which could not be overcome.

One is put in mind of the fact by the Permanent Central Opium Board's recommendations for dealing with the expected upsurge of drug-taking in shattered Europe as soon as liberation comes. Military control of the licit traffic and military war on the illicit are suggested over a three-phase period which will finish with countries concerned—but one hopes not all—getting back their own national controls.

The existing situation on the Continent appears to be pretty good, as these things go. The war solved many of the League of Nations' drug-traffic problems, because of the close supervision of all exports and imports between the belligerent countries. Nor have the neutrals been able to act as forwarding centres of what I once called "The Poison International" in a book on this subject, and little Holland and Switzerland were both prime forwarders. Nor has there been any news of peacetime; (*b*) that hospital staffs took to release from their world of horror; (*c*) that alkaloids had been turned out in such vast quantities by both sides that when drugs took the wrong channels and were illicitly disposed of, the circumstance was not noticed.

There was also much downright theft from the various Red Crosses and sanitary establishments, while the American and Canadian troops had started a vogue in France even before the war had ended. I found, too, that the most prolific individual pedlars and the most difficult to tackle in the immediate post-war time, were soldiers of the occupying armies, going and coming on leave or whatnot.

When Allied Military Control gets down to things, it should find, as was found in the past, that post-war drug gangs model their activities considerably on international espionage lines. After all, there is a good deal in common between dope trafficking and spying. Each calls for a maximum of secrecy, resource and discretion, and of reliance upon others. The fear of being double-crossed is much the same.

THE AMERICANS SPEAK TO ENEMY-OCCUPIED EUROPE FROM LONDON: The news-room of "Absie" in operation, preparing bulletins for the peoples of the Continent. Urgent instructions to the people of Europe from General Eisenhower are being transmitted through the medium of "Absie"—the American Broadcasting Station in Europe—which was opened a few days ago. Already "the Voice" has been heard broadcasting daily in the languages of the oppressed countries and in German. At present the station is operating from London, where much work is being done by the station's American staff

increased illicit traffic or manufacture of drugs under German rule, though that seems to be mainly because the raw materials have been commandeered for German medical services.

That is the rub. The present benign circumstances will vanish when the European war stops. There are already indications that the illicit trafficker is very much alive, the Board says. Only waiting to leap in and "organise the works" as of old, only more so. And in anticipating an epidemic of addiction, I do not believe the Board is being the over-zealous reformer trying to make our flesh creep. There are several forceful reasons why what happened after the last war should recur in greater intensity after this one. Here are three:

As there has been infinitely more suffering, misery and cruelty affecting body and mind, so will the temptation to take any short cut away from the past be the stronger, and there is no artificiality like the "honeymoon" stage of dope.

Europe was in a relatively uncontaminated state in 1919 as regards drug-taking, and the traffic generally, compared with what it grew to be in the inter-war years; in other words, the kick-off this time will be from far more widespread demand and consequent foundations.

The two worst dope criminals the modern world has known (and drugging as the West chiefly knows it, with white derivatives, is quite a modern affair, from sixty to eighty years old) are Japan and Bulgaria, and it would be nothing extraordinary if a vanquished Germany, herself a leading light in the drug world, were to incite a vast illicit traffic in the hope of damaging the peoples who beat her.

I first woke up to dope when returning from the occupied Rhineland to Paris in 1920, the occasion being the offering to me in a railway-carriage, by a *poilu* going on leave, of half-a-pound of cocaine for 1,000 francs. I could quickly have gone rich at that rate, and investigated, with some unexpected results. I found (*a*) that wounded men developed a craving for drugs which they carried into Each employs a chain of individuals gradually tapering up to the top from a broad base.

In the case of the drug traffic, this broad base consists of the hundred-and-one pedlars—waiters, newsvendors, whores, down-at-heel stage performers, *chasseurs*, and the like—who hand over to addicts the tiny packets of morphine, heroin and cocaine, against immediate payment. Directly above this leavening are the retailers, and to give an illustration, Brussels, a dozen years ago, was found to have about twelve retailers—café-keepers, chemists, and the like. The retailers were, in turn, beholden to the importer, from whom they obtained what they wanted at discreet meeting-places, as and when they wanted it.

An importer could be a local somebody, perhaps a local functionary or politician, though more often well camouflaged in business or passing as a wealthy man of independent means. The importer's job is that of connecting with smugglers-in-bulk, and keeping Customs, police and other officials under constant bribery. But he had to cope with someone much bigger, with the so-called "Drug Baron," the off-stage, ever-invisible animator and financier operating the world-wide dope network.

Had I the Supreme Commander's ear for a split-minute, I should say punish like the deuce, and look out for clandestine factories which can poison a whole countryside from one harmless-appearing garage structure. The terrible thing about this traffic is its *recentness*, and the ease with which white men's manufacturing genius has transformed the poppy dreams of coloured peoples into the maniacal effects of the "sniff" and the "needle." One has no patience with people who concentrate on removing the last "pipe" from Chinaman, Indian, Egyptian. Doctors tell us that not only are such-like inured to some opium, they need it on account of physiological defects. Similarly, one hears too much about hashish in the Lebanon. Russell Pasha helped me a lot in the past, but I still think he looks top-heavily at things from Cairo—and he is the League's number one prober. This hashish traffic is a fleabite beside the universal curse; nor does the hemp work ravages akin to the white alkaloids; while, take it from the Middle-Easterner, and what does he do? Mixes some foul brew of tea, or datura, or something newer.

But I must stick to my muttons. The first job is to prevent the stricken Continent of Europe from being plunged in a much worse affliction than "last time." After that will come the universal problem, and here, as I have said, the four Great Powers, whose future concerted action we hear so much of, have it uniquely in their power to hold up further maddening play of dope on the world in general. Then to lessen it.

If you open the map of the world, you will find that nearly all the countries which grow the stuff will presently come under strict United Nations surveillance.

China is credited with producing annually seven times as much raw opium as all the rest of the world combined. If the Chinaman must have his "pipe" as we have liquor, that is China's affair, and, incidentally, only one out of fifty Chinamen is said to develop a destroying yin. Moreover, Chinamen aver that the worst of the drug traffic was organised from the foreign concessions, now fading out. But the point is that the factories have moved up to the poppy-fields, having been driven from elsewhere by the League, and that these factories poison the world.

Japan, however, is the arch-criminal. The Japanese have for years been working on a long-term plan not only to reduce the Chinese to afflicted serfs by making drugs easy for them; they have in their hearts an audacious poisoning of the white world, notably America.

In India, there is a British Government monopoly which is supposed to cater only for the home market. Is this watertight? The same applies to the Dutch Monopoly in the East Indies.

After China, the most important poppy-fields are in Persia, Turkey and the U.S.S.R. (Crimea, Turkestan, Western Siberia). The medical world swears by the Persian poppy. Is it too much to hope that, with Britain, America and Russia exercising a dominant influence in Persia, its output will be kept severely to licit world requirements, plus what the Persians deem they require for their own consumption? The same applies to Turkey (Smyrna, Anatolia). The same "Big Three" influence there.

And where is that more necessary than with respect to Bulgaria, Hungary and Yugoslavia, three countries bound to feel Russian influence, and which can produce more raw poppy extracts than the whole world licitly needs? The Bulgar crop should be uprooted, nothing less; and hang the economic or political consequences (part of this pest-State's political set-up depends on lavish poppy growing). The much smaller Hungarian output could likewise fall under Russian care. While there should be more compensating ways of dealing with Yugoslavia's "fields of death," far more fatal than ever the fields where poppies grew in Flanders.

That leaves us with South America, a minor problem by comparison with the foregoing. Bolivia and Peru grow the coca plant, which alone gives cocaine. In a less cock-eyed world, they'd be sanctioned unless they behaved—at source. The trouble is that such lands are ceaselessly being enticed to poison beyond their own confines by the "Drug Barons," helped out by Governments, chiefly white, refusing to cleave to the root, preferring to dilly-dally over licences and curing Orientals

A BROADCAST TO EUROPE IN PROGRESS, as seen from the Control Room. The latter is separated from the Studio by soundproof glass. The announcer may be seen reading from his script into the microphone in the farther room

THE YOUNG PRINCESS ELIZABETH—Four New Studies

THE COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS: During her inspection of a battalion of the Regiment. This occasion was amongst the first of the young Princess's public appearances after her coming of age

PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S FIRST SOLO ENGAGEMENT: At a meeting of the Court of Governors of the Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, when the young Princess addressed the assembly on taking over the Presidency

A HAPPY PHOTOGRAPH AT THE EMPIRE DAY RALLY held in Windsor Great Park on May 24, in connection with the "Salute the Soldier" Week

Princess Elizabeth was born on April 21, 1926, the elder of the King and Queen's two daughters. On her eighteenth birthday this year she "came of age"; and as Heiress Apparent to the Throne it may now be expected that her public appearances will become more frequent. Throughout the country the greatest interest has been manifested in this young and attractive personality: the four pictures reproduced here show

A CLOSE-UP OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH, showing her distinctive and attractive hat fashion: another picture taken at the Rally in Windsor Great Park

her at recent functions. Her first "solo" engagement was at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, where the Princess made a speech in a clear voice and with no trace of nervousness. The day afterwards (with the Queen and Princess Margaret) she was present at an Empire Day Festival in Windsor Great Park. The country will follow with great interest her further public appearances

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

OF CABBAGES AND KINGS.—In the bad old days, before world war was the usual thing, I used often to walk through kitchen gardens—my own and other peoples—and enjoy with æsthetic pleasure the trim green orderliness which promised so many good things to come. I liked best to go round these vegetable gardens in early May and observe the beautifully-ruled lines of peas twining among their sticks, the hatched lines of the bean-rods, the seed bed with its fifty rows of neat and parallel green ribbons, the half-acre of spring cabbage innocent of weed, the raised beds of asparagus, with their monstrous, fat green cigars pushing up and lengthening, the early potatoes bursting through the glass frames and the main crop beginning to be earthed-up with mathematical exactness of parallels that suggested Clapham Junction, without its dinginess.

I could never tell one cabbage from 'tother, or distinguish parsley from carrot. Nor did it ever occur to me that infinite labour and eternal vigilance went to the making of this ordered state. I knew the vegetable only on its dish—the mound of asparagus which I often reduced on the sideboard as an "appetiser" before a breakfast of a Dover sole, a couple of poached eggs and some grilled kidneys; the green peas, mountainous but never enough, the succulent hearts of lettuces swimming in olive oil. . . . All these delights grew apparently in a night in the kitchen garden, and I never thought to inquire what labour, what skill, what ceaseless care, caused them to appear.

Total war altered all that. It taught me a little—a very little—knowledge of the infinite and back-breaking labour which must go to the production of even a few cabbages, of the rotation of vegetable crops, of the pests and diseases which make sport of the gardener, of his aids and handicaps and trials and achievements. In those myopic days of amateur and professional, of employer and employed, in so far as I had contact with kitchen gardens in any but an æsthetic way, I brought from those contacts only a very little knowledge and that not of the nature of vegetables but of gardeners. I learned that your gardener in Southern England is the world's most opinionated pundit, an omniscient tyrant, a man who knows, not the best, but the *only* way in which to direct almost everything from tomato culture to foreign policy. He knows the answer to everything, and he is never wrong. I learned that he never hurries, never moves out of a slow walk, never skimps his time or labour. I used once to wonder what on earth two grown men and a boy could do with their time inside a brick-walled square of two acres. I suspected "ca' canny" when I watched the boy weeding a path or a grown man building the bean-rod hatch.

"Two Acres."—To-day I know better and can forgive much. For one thing, I know that in total war two acres of kitchen garden are at once too much and too little. Too little to justify the retention of a skilled hand, urgently required for planting lobelias round the officers' mess in some Midland camp. Too much—all too much—for the spasmodic attentions of an amateur in late middle age, prone to lumbago and to urgent telephone calls "down at the House," and innocent of experience or even book knowledge. Too much—all too much—for the capacities of the rarely found octogenarian or school-child whom chance might bring to the net, only to escape through the meshes.

The amateur who in total war is still owner of a vegetable plot of this unhandy size must bend his back and assume full control, must perforce learn by trial and error and clippings from the gardener's columns in the daily Press, and the first harvest of his knowledge is the reason why the pre-war gardener was, and is, the obstinate and omniscient tyrant No. 1 of social life. It is because for generations he has enjoyed a monopoly of knowledge concerning a branch of science commonly practised, but rarely inquired into, outside the ranks of practitioners. In a world of amateurs, he has been, as his father was before him, a professional, and he has made good use and gained enormous power of inherited lore and of knowledge gained by experience. He has emerged a Hitler, a cock crowing on his undisputed dung-heap. It was not in human nature to lay the crown by or to reject the opportunity of sovereign power as a compensation for the lack of appreciation of so much care and effort expended on his profession. But Mr. Gardener's dictatorship is up, his days are numbered as a pundit. If after this war there will be few employers of gardeners, there will be fewer still of totally ignorant and imbecile amateur owners.

The Fruit of the Tree of Knowledge.—The oldest and most numskull of amateurs has learned a lot. If this knowledge has taught him first a tardy appreciation of the professional, it has taught him next henceforth to meet with cool discrimination the professional's oracular judgments. If the amateur to-day realises at last just how much skill and labour go to the making of a seed bed, or the hatching of bean-rods, or to pea-trenching or tomato-growing, even to the hoeing of cabbage ground or the making of compost, he has learned also that science marches on, that shell-back tradition and inherited lore are *not* the only way—in short, that there are more ways than one of killing a donkey or giving birth to a Cos, and that the leisurely progress of the old professional along the permanent way can be speeded up by taking wing and note of modern methods.

A CENTENARIAN CELEBRATES HER 103RD BIRTHDAY. Mrs. Elizabeth Curno, of Plymouth, pours out a glass of ale to toast "the youth of Britain, and may God bless them." The day before her birthday party she walked a mile!

Take the vexed subject of DUNG. On a thousand stricken fields in the last austere decade the great battle of compost has been fought—and usually lost to old Adam or Hitler. "*It ain't no good without stable manure*"—"you can't feed this yere soil without stable dung and plenty of it"—"that yere composs don't grow nothin' but weeds"—"them chemicals may do something on a farm, not 'ere." Such and such-like have been the hedgehogs of old Adam or Hitler, impenetrable and unbroken. For to him the logic of economic stringency has no force and necessity lays no law upon tradition. The old way is the only way, and there must be stable manure a' plenty even when horses and stables have ceased to exist.

Adam's Epitaph.—And the battle of Time has been fought and lost as often. For Adam Time still stands still. There's a way of doing things and a way not to do things, and the right way is the way that laughs at Time. The trouble is that old Adam's saws to-day are *not* wholly blunted; the new class of professional admits it ruefully, if silently. The short cut certainly produces much needed food, but somehow old Adam's pre-war peas and asparagus *were* more succulent, his carrots *were* less disposed to grow forks, his lettuces had whiter hearts, *his* pests were less destructive.

Yet, if the short cut is somewhat wasteful of quality, the new regime has eliminated waste in other directions. When I recall the daily and appalling mountain of kitchen waste thrown out by the cooks of the 1920's—not used to feed pigs or poultry or rabbits or even the compost heap, but left to rot—I recall by implication the chief cause of that waste was the vast, redundant, unnecessary mounds of potatoes, cabbages and rarer luxuries (all save peas and asparagus, of which there can never be enough) which came daily in in the gardener's trugs to be mass produced by the kitchen-maid and thrown to waste. Old Adam's day is done, he is thrown out of his Eden of omniscience. But I retain a sneaking belief that he was as often right as wrong, and that if we have overrated his authority we have as often underrated his skill and labours. So much for cabbages. Not much about Kings, unless you accept old Adam as a crowned head of an ancient dynasty long in absolute power and of late shorn of most of his power for good or evil.

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

CRISIS IN HEAVEN (Lyric).—So much do I enjoy Major Eric Linklater's books that this play of his caused me no little disappointment. It is full of intelligent ideas (perhaps rather too full of them), but since it lacks any sense of the theatre or evidence of theatrical technique, it is, except for far too few amusing moments, extremely dull. Most of his people talk too much, and their talk is not, for the most part, characteristic of such historical celebrities as Helen of Troy, Voltaire, Aristophanes, Frederick the Great, Florence Nightingale, and many others, spread over the centuries in Dunne time-space fashion. A wild fantasy need not be—indeed, it cannot be, credible, but if put on the stage it must have some sort of life and human interest about it. My evening was redeemed from almost complete boredom by some excellent acting, first prize going to Mr. Ernest Thesiger, as Voltaire. Miss Dorothy Dickson looked appropriately lovely as Helen, and I liked her air of languid detachment; excellent, too, was Miss Adèle Dixon as a policewoman in a tin helmet (supposed to be Helen's daughter by a marriage with Voltaire!). Mr. Esmond Knight, as a soldier in battle-dress, deserved his enthusiastic welcome for more reasons than one.

Peek-a-Boo! (Whitehall).—Here, too, is a jumble. But it is a jumble *sale*. Dirt and suggestiveness is too much to the fore, even for a strip-tease revue. Miss Phyllis Dixey, in her usual fashion, muttered little bits of naughtiness—at any rate, most of the little I managed to hear was naughty—and duly disrobed. I find this sort of thing about as amusing as the neighbouring Cenotaph. And there were long dancing episodes, remarkable for little beyond their semi-nudity. But Stetson, a clever juggler, threw hats about in comic fashion, and Mr. Clifford Stanton impersonated sundry celebrities, including Stafford Cripps, Jack Buchanan and Adolf Hitler, really brilliantly. Mr. Stanton is an entertainer of the very first class, and what this less than mediocre revue would be without him I do not care to imagine.

International Ballet (Savoy).—Miss Mona Inglesby and her company are back again, and so much the better. I enjoyed the production of Delibes's *Coppelia*, which was given in its entirety, even if the flavour of the music is a bit monotonous when occupying a whole evening. But the music was superbly played under the direction of Mr. Ernest Irving, who has reorchestrated it. Miss Inglesby, always a good dancer, is now better than ever, and her performance as Swanilda, particularly in Act II., was exquisite. M. Pavinoff was her partner, and M. Algeranoff, as Dr. Coppelius, also deserves praise. The lovely costumes and decor made one wonder how such things can be done in wartime. The repertoire is extensive. I am glad that "Everyman," with a *mélange* of Richard Strauss's tone poems as accompaniment, has been retained.

THE SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON: The Athenian lovers who penetrate the magic wood in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—a group at the Stratford presentation of one of Shakespeare's most popular plays. When magic ruled the world, a sweet Athenian lady was in love with a disdainful youth. Oberon tells Puck that he can identify the man by the Athenian garments he would be wearing. Demetrius is but one of four lovers who flee and pursue past banks where the wild thyme blows and crush the oxlips and nodding violets beneath their hurrying feet in such swift fashion that the spectator, gazing at the oval stage setting at Stratford, is apt to wonder who is Hermia and which is Helena, and is it Lysander or is it Demetrius who is the spotted and inconstant man? But here they are in a group of four, and the reader can determine which is Viola Lyel as the lady who would be a fawning spaniel to her lover

ITEMS OF HOME NEWS

DRILLING FOR NEW COAL SEAMS IN WALES : A Filipino engineer starts to detach the hollow rods containing the core after the boring has been made in search of the open-cast coal, which here lies 60-ft. below the ground

A BUSY MORNING HIGH UP IN THE MOUNTAINS : On the left, Government surveyors are at work with level and measuring rods. Meanwhile, Filipino experts are putting final touches to the rig provided with specially-designed telescope tripod before starting work on a new drilling

A VALLEY OF COAL HAS BEEN OPENED UP, and now the latest devices are used to collect and load it : In the Welsh mountains diamond drills are being used to discover new surface face-coal. And this highly skilled work is being carried out by wiry little Filipinos. They learnt their work under the instruction of a big-boned, smiling Canadian—J. R. Smith—a former lumberman from Vancouver. He it is who has taken them to many parts of the world, including Singapore, Malay and Africa, drilling for almost everything except radium, on behalf of a famous Canadian drilling company, who are associated in the work being undertaken in the Welsh mountains with a British firm under Government contract. Before coming to the Welsh mountains the team was drilling for gold in Nigeria

A NINETY-THREE-YEAR-OLD FARMER—Mr. Frederick Bird, who is still working at Westerfield, near Ipswich : Westerfield is a village which is the home of the oldest farmer in England. He is Mr. Bird, of Westerfield Manor, an old gabled house smothered in ivy. Mr. Bird is ninety-three years of age, and he is still working. His family have been farming for 250 years—fine old English yeoman stock. His wife's mother was a Munnings, one of that East Anglian family which has produced the present President of the Royal Academy : she died not long since at the age of eighty-seven. Every week up to last November Mr. Bird attended Ipswich Market and bought and sold cattle, for he is a great cattle-man and judge of pigs, sheep and horses : he has just resumed his attendances at the market

LONDON'S NOBLEST CLOCK, 250 years old : It is to be found in the Vestry Room of St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden. It was made by Thomas Tompion, greatest of all English clockmakers, who was buried in Westminster Abbey in 1713. The clock is a very lofty one : it is enclosed in a walnut-wood case, and the big dial is surrounded by gilt decorations. It is one of the most precious treasures of the church designed by Inigo Jones

INCREASING THE WATER SUPPLIES IN RURAL DISTRICTS : At work on diversion ditches to carry the water away while proper tanks and channels are constructed. A scene near Cheltenham

BY EXCAVATING IN THE STONE HILL-SIDE A SPRING HAS BEEN FOUND : a dam of rocks is being built and work started immediately on a concrete storage tank : Rural authorities throughout the country are giving their attention to finding new water supplies. The Cheltenham Rural District Council are fortunate in having a large number of springs in their area, and after a comparatively small amount of work, have opened out a spring in the hills at Winchcombe, which at the lowest estimate will yield 200,000 gallons per day to augment the existing supply

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THE LATEST AND BEST IN FICTION

American Family Saga; A Thrilling "Ellery Queen"; A Visionary Story of the Past, Present and Future; The Wreck of the "Wild Wave"; The Birth and Development of a Nation; Britain in Pictures

LONG, elaborate, rich and highly-flavoured—in fact, rather like a Victorian dinner—is Miss Taylor Caldwell's new novel, **THE TURNBULLS** (Collins. 10s. 6d.), a saga of well-to-do trading families in New York, in the '60's and '80's of the last century. To change similes in mid-stream, I might also say that it is like a popular Victorian painting, overloaded with detail and with sentimental implications.

There is the prodigal son, who leaves England to make good on his own in the land of opportunity, who amasses great wealth, and is finally brought down by a character who is Evil Personified. There is the partner of his *mésalliance*, a coarse, blowsy, handsome creature with a Heart of Gold. And there are the two wicked sisters, flouting tradition by being good-looking instead of ugly, but otherwise conforming to type, and the quiet little Mouse of a younger sister, who represents every kind of integrity and gets everything but the pumpkin-coach in the end.

The story is told in a little under 500 pages, which the reader feels could as easily have been 1,000, and more effectively have been 200, but there is no doubt about the writer's sweep and surge of feeling, which is as compelling as a minor tidal wave, and a great deal more soothing for engulfing purposes. This is not so much escape literature, which connotes some kind of will on the part of the reader, as kidnapping literature. And very effective indeed, of its kind.

BOOKSELLERS ON THE VERY EDGE OF THE CITY! A recent scene outside the Law Courts, where the City of London meets the City of Westminster and the "frontier" where the King himself receives formal permission before passing through the City streets. Members of the Communist Party are selling copies of the book *Your M.P.*, by "Gracchus." In the City of London only licence-holders are permitted to trade in the streets; outside the City, street-trading is allowed by the police so long as the vendor does not cause an obstruction

The fantastic has always appealed to the two writers who produce novels under the pseudonym of "Ellery Queen," and in their latest effort they give full rein to it. "How about nursery-rhymes?" one must have said to the other not so very long ago. "There's a great field. Have you ever realised that there are endless possibilities there for a couple of guys with minds like ours?" "No kidding?" replied the other—conjecturally. "Surest thing you know," replied Mr. E. to Mr. Q. reassuringly, and that's how the new book was born—maybe.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) is therefore just what you might have supposed; the story of an old dame who lived opposite, if not in, an immense shoe, and who had so many children that their murders, one by one, gave the police some very curious ideas about her. So Inspector Queen and his son Ellery were called in, and went to work in their own ingenious way.

First of all, there was old Mrs. Potts, her fantastic house in New York, and the even more fantastic object on the lawn outside it—a piece of bronze statuary, about the size of a fully-grown elephant, and representing an Oxford shoe, with trailing laces (equally in bronze). Traced elegantly above it in neon tubing were the words "The Potts Shoe—$3.99 Everywhere," and it was in itself the hub of the mystery.

For the Potts Shoe was the foundation of a very ample fortune, and where there are large sums of money there is apt to be cupidity, and where cupidity gets out of hand there may be violence, and close on the heels of violence, in this case, come the Queens, *père et fils*, sniffing like bloodhounds and chewing like some other animal. They solve the succession of mysteries. Did you guess they would? And the result is one of the best products yet from this gifted team.

Mr. Peter de Mendelssohn's book is less a novel than a fable, an illustration of T. S. Eliot's words:

"We die with the dying:
See, they depart, and we go with them.
We are born with the dead:
See, they return, and bring us with them.
The moment of the rose-tree and the moment of the yew-tree
Are of equal duration. A people without history
Is not redeemed from time, for history is a pattern
Of timeless moments."

THE HOURS AND THE CENTURIES (Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.) is an imaginative vision of happenings in a French community near the Italian border. Past, present and future events are merged into a continuous sequence, while the characters are at once contemporaneous and ghosts of their future and past selves. This sounds muddling and absurd, as, indeed, it is at first; but the novel is composed with such art and ingenuity that the book soon absorbs one into its exciting world, and provides an experience as incommunicable as the meaning of a poem.

The seeker after derivations will have a fine time here, for even fairly casual reflection will show the influences of Cervantes, of the Grimm brothers, of Fraz Kafka, of Dunne's time theories or of surrealism, but, above all, the book is original and queerly successful.

THE WRECK OF THE "WILD WAVE" (Oxford University Press. 5s.) is a first-rate adventure story, straightforward and factual, being the true account of a shipwreck which took place in 1858. The clipper ship *Wild Wave* set out from San Francisco on the long voyage to New York, via the Horn, but after only four weeks struck a reef and broke up, giving the ship's company just time to land on a deserted island. From there some of them set out in small boats for Pitcairn Island, where they hoped to find a colony of settlers and the possibility of a passing ship to take them off.

Miss Edith Thacher Hurd has taken her story directly from the daily log kept by the ship's captain, one Josiah Knowles, and for the rest has done an admirably simple job of reconstruction. This is a book that should appeal particularly to boys and to men, and its graceful and appropriate line illustrations make it a charming little production.

Major Clanton Williams' short history of the United States is a little book to buy and keep for reference, since in the simplest terms and the briefest compass it gives a reasonably objective picture of the birth and development of a nation, even though the young author does not claim as much for it. **UNCLE SAM** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is "designed primarily to try to point out to the man in the battered European street the high spots in the evolution of a young nation across the seas—a vigorous new personage in the family of nations which came to manhood in the first half of the twentieth century."

The writer is on active service and wrote the book in his off-duty spells, which were obviously not ideal conditions for the study of history, but he has, nevertheless, done an excellent piece of work, conceived solely in the interests of European-American friendship and understanding, and for that he deserves the strongest commendation. He has, too, a fine eye for an appropriate quotation to point his own argument, and chooses, with catholic taste, from the works of Sherwood Anderson, James J. Hill, the railway magnate, Anne Lindberg, Milo Perkins and, finally, "a calm, cultured, completely assured voice, which once said: 'My friends, what this nation needs is a new deal, and I propose to give it to them.'" It was Franklin Roosevelt's most famous speech, made in 1932 by the man who was then Governor of New York.

The three latest additions to the series of "Britain in Pictures" are **ENGLISH GARDENS**, by Dr. Harry Roberts; **BRITISH PHOTOGRAPHERS**, by Mr. Cecil Beaton; and **THE LONDONER**, by Lady Nicholson. Each of them is published by Messrs. Collins at 4s. 6d., and each upholds the standard set by the fifty-odd volumes already published in this collection.

The illustrations to Mr. Beaton's subject are quite unusually fine, from the portraits taken in the '60's and '70's by Octavius Hill and Julia Cameron (and, in my view, seldom surpassed since), to the superb action photographs of the Eighth Army's offensive in 1942. Mr. Beaton has also recalled a Hiawathan parody written by Lewis Carroll on the occasion of a family's visit to the photographer, which is worth quoting:

"Mystic awful was the process . . .
Grave heroic was the notion,
Yet the picture failed entirely,
Failed because he moved a little,
Moved because he couldn't help it."

Lady Nicholson observes her Londoners from the viewpoint of one of the greatest of them all, who said: "When a man is tired of London, he is tired of life, for there is in London all that life can afford." Her history is of the citizens rather than the city, but since the two are inseparable except under duress, it is also a tale of the growth of "the largest port, the largest industrial town in England and the largest city in the world."

LORD BALDWIN MAKES ONE OF HIS RARE PUBLIC APPEARANCES. The former Prime Minister is Chancellor of Cambridge University, a position he has occupied since the year 1930. Although he now lives in retirement and rarely makes a public appearance, he was present when the University conferred the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws on Mr. John Curtin and Mr. Peter Fraser, the Australian and New Zealand Premiers. Lord Baldwin was Prime Minister up till 1937: he is now seventy-six years of age

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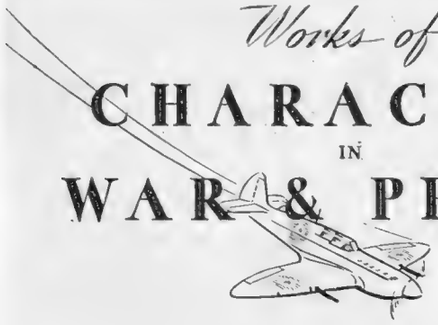

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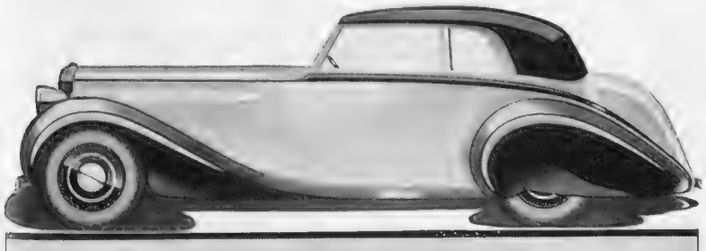

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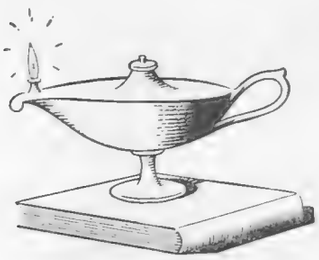

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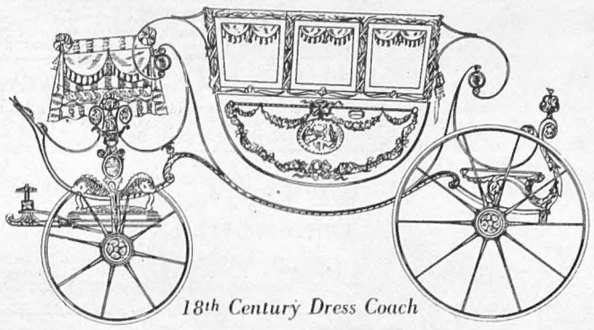

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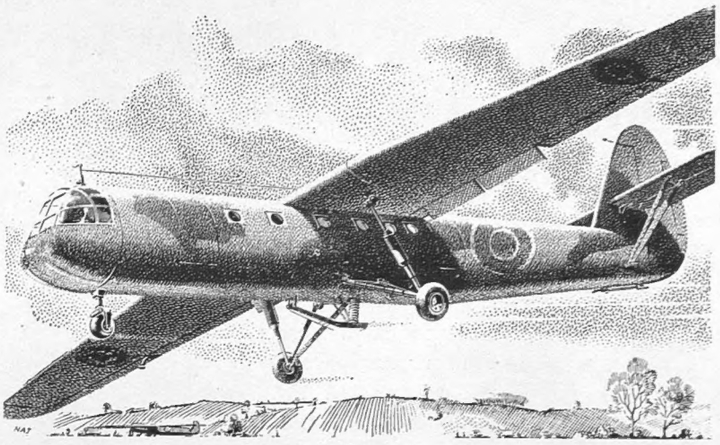

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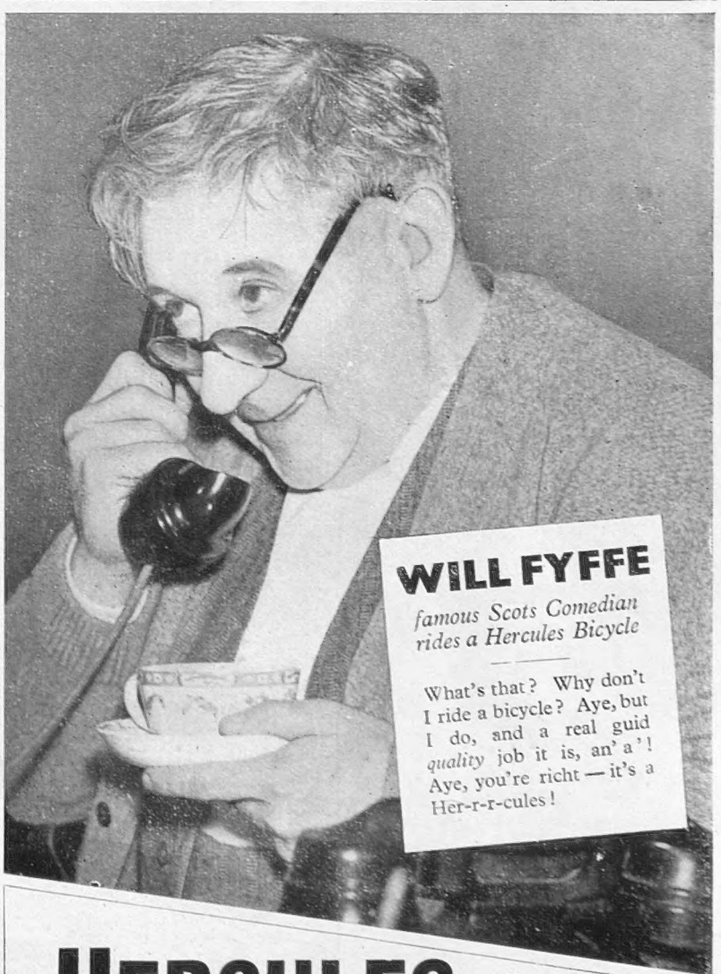

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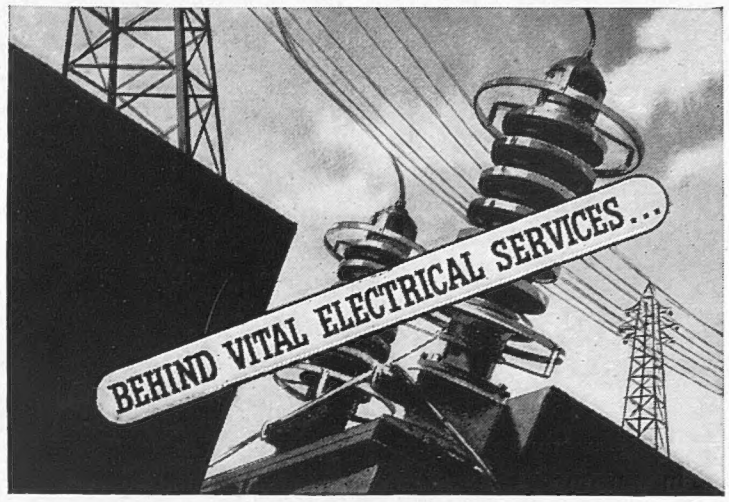

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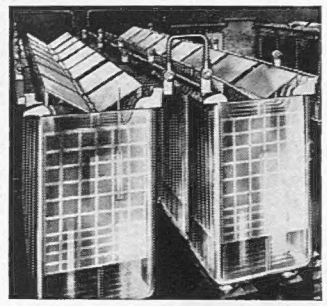

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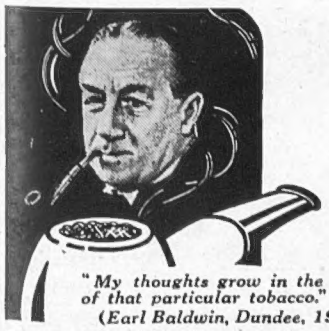

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